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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLVII No. 2052 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 20 1939

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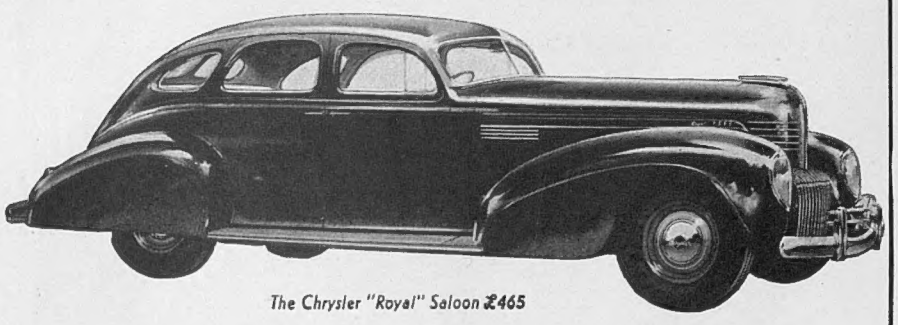

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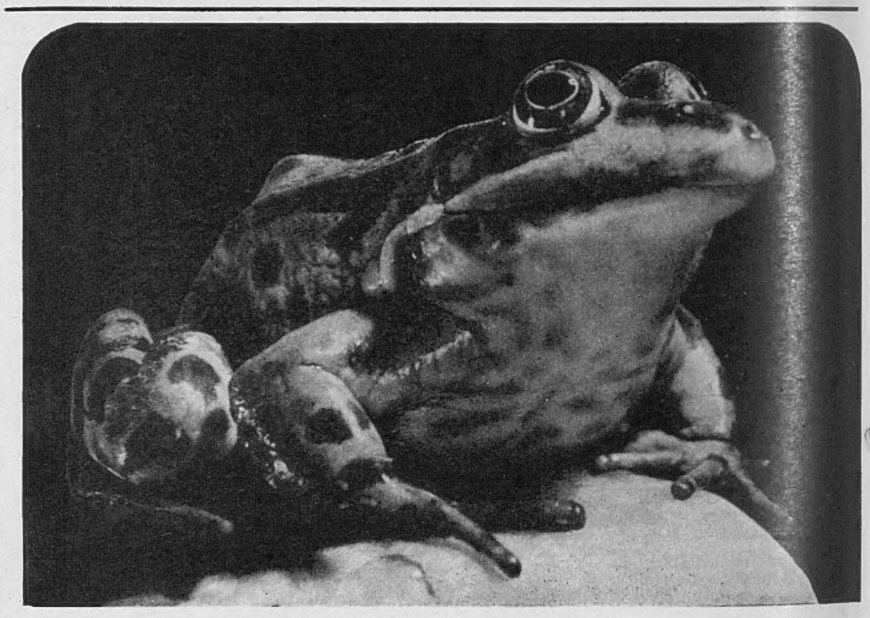

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The injunction to "Smile, Please!" was often heard amongst photographers a few years ago. It was their effort to get some sort of vitality into their pictures. But to-day it is not necessary. The modern Leica camera has led the way from stiffly posed photography to dynamic pictures, full of life and action. Compact and comfortable to hold, the Leica is instantly ready for use, and its speed in action is amazing. With its battery of interchangeable lenses the Leica commands success whatever you ask of it:—Close-ups; distant shots; night snaps; speed and action; colour or scientific work. Change to Leica to-day and see how it can vitalise your photographs.

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 20, 1939

ANGLO-FRENCH MILITARY ACCORD

General Weygand (centre) Visits Sandhurst During His Five-day Tour of Inspection in England

There was something especially reassuring about this week's visit to England of General Weygand, former Chief of the French General Staff, at the head of a party of French Reserve officers. The presence in our midst of this brilliant veteran of the great war—the man who helped Foch in his hammer blows for victory and subsequently reorganised the Polish army—betokened that a kindly but expertly critical eye was being cast upon British defensive measures, and it was good to hear from his own lips what he thought of Britain's rearmament effort.

"During our short visit," the General said at a dinner given by members of the French colony in London, "we have been able to lift only the corner of the veil, but that was enough to give us an idea of the progress made in the Air Force, the Navy, and the motorisation of the Army. We also know of the energy with which recruiting is being carried on, of the doubling of the Territorial Army, and what impressive credits have been granted without hesitation for defence. Further, we are aware of your decision to introduce military service. Allow me to add that we thank you for it. Great Britain and France will never use their strength for aggression. But they wish to be able to stand up to any attempts to dominate a universe athirst for liberty, stability, and peace."

When this picture was taken General Weygand was on a visit to Sandhurst and he is seen with Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood (left foreground) and General Dufieux (right foreground), a member of the French War Council. Accompanying the French visitors on their round of inspection was Viscount Lord Gort, V.C., Chief of the Imperial General Staff

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE "MAURETANIA" SAILS WITHOUT HER RUDDER: The new 34,000-ton Atlantic liner was manœuvred by tugs last Sunday from her fitting-out basin at Birkenhead to the Gladstone Dock on the Lancashire side of the river, and as she glided down stream it became possible for the first time to appreciate to the full the real beauty of her slender lines. As soon as the *Mauretania* entered the dry dock the task of pumping out the 44,000,000 gallons of water began so that the under-water parts of the hull would be laid bare for painting. When the painting has been done and the 50-ton rudder is fitted, the liner will leave Liverpool for the Clyde and early in June will run her trials on the Skelmorlie mile

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, May 17, 1939.

THE PREMIER TO WOMEN.

—It is an idiosyncrasy of British politics that most of the really important pronouncements made by Ministers are said "obiter" or on some minor occasion. Mr. Chamberlain on May 11 addressed Hitler and Mussolini via the ladies of the Conservative Associations. Now, in so far as his speech treated of the way of peace and of conscription, no audience better deserved to hear his conclusions first-hand than one composed of women. Without them there could be no conscription. They at least are, the world over, solid against the lunacy of war. But the Conservative and Unionist Associations' ladies do not represent very completely the women of England or the Empire; ergo, it is fair to say that the idiosyncrasy referred to was in evidence in that important announcement. All great speeches intended for a wide audience are made up of truisms and simple ideas. That is inevitable. For nothing elaborate in argument or reasoning can "get across." In all such speeches, it is the manner and not the matter which counts. Mr. Chamberlain's "heads" or points, if tabulated, read like the items of an oft-told tale. We are not trying to encircle Germany. We long for eternal peace with Germany. We believe all international grievances can be settled by peaceful means. We do not want to meddle with the affairs of other nations but we cannot sit by and watch the liberties of small nations being snatched from them. We had good reason to fear an attempt by Germany at world domination. Hence our efforts to be strong—hence conscription. A strong Britain is a guarantee of European peace. And so on. The matter, *read*, is commonplace enough. The speech, *heard*, was remarkable for a new note of confidence and strength and dignity, a note simultaneously echoed from Paris. When you have the guns, you do not need to butter your words. Hence, alas! the rush for more guns. Therein lies the viciousness of the Grand Circular Road to Peace. But perhaps in these constant reiterations of truisms, a word or two here and there sinks in and the truth slowly emerges.

PLEAS FOR PEACE.

—The inarticulate longing of hundreds of millions of suffering, anxious people for peace is being heard in whispers now. It is something. With a part of the world enslaved, their freedom surrendered, time alone can give voice and action to the great longing. Meanwhile, self-appointed spokesmen do what they can and the methods employed show how difficult is the approach and how long the road to the goal. The matter of every appeal is unexceptionable and commonplace, the moment chosen may sometimes be open to criticism, and more rarely the manner of its presentation. Many thousands of people must have noted the four-page inset in the Press paid for by a group of "ex-service men animated by the spirit of the Unknown Warrior." On the centre pages, a reproduction of the Unknown Warrior's shrine in Berlin faced the Cenotaph. *There* was a direct appeal to international goodwill. But the difficulty in the way of securing that goodwill was sharply stressed by the dual (or prime) object of the supplement. It was argued that peace could only come by Britain's armed strength. It was an appeal to Englishmen to enrol, to store food, to build dug-outs, to turn their yachts into hospital ships and to earmark their cars and motor-boats for evacuation of the civil population from our cities threatened by enemy bombers. There is the snag. There, the vicious circle. Only one nation can conceivably threaten Britain from the air today. We all know which it is. Not one country but *all* are compelled to keep alive the fear of attack while preaching, more or less, peace. We must still "name the aggressor" while we plead for goodwill and fellowship in the name of Germany's and England's Unknown Warrior. How remote is the hope of bringing along the condition precedent to appeasement until the necessity no longer exists for stimulating defence measures by stressing the fear of war. It is a vicious circle which no one yet can see the way to breaking. There's the pity of it and there the long delay.

GARDENS.

— Gardens are a pleasant antidote to European politics. Visiting other people's gardens is a delightful and innocent diversion which contains the vital elements in the ideal of a League of Nations. It is excellent as a means of breaking down class-barriers, of promoting sanity, friendliness, understanding and good manners. In a garden, you may learn the art of saying it with roses, instead of with mud and vitriol, and you may learn the art of living. It is a much more noble aim to create one small thing of beauty than an empire built up on force and hatred. On Saturday 13th, West Sussex afforded some pleasant opportunities. Petworth House gardens were open, and close by at Little Bognor, Fittleworth, Lord Leconfield's sister, Lady Maxse, showed her most attractive sunk garden. The same day Lady Loder at Leonardslee, Horsham, opened her garden, famous for its rhododendrons and azaleas, which every year Queen Mary makes a point of seeing. And on Saturday 20th, those two lovely gardens (lovely in chief for their natural settings), Woolbeding and Stedham, both close to Midhurst, are open. In East Sussex, for Sunday 21st, I recommend Buckhurst, Withyham.

SLOW PASSAGE.

— The slow progress of the *Empress of Australia* in fog and among icebergs and floes entailed the cancellation of a part of the eastern programme. It is not pleasant to lie for hours rolling on the swell in thick fog, made the chillier by the near presence of ice, and it is not pleasant to nose your way slowly ahead — even when escorting vessels are within hail. I well remember the loneliness and dreariness of the business when I crossed at this time of year just before the war. There was, however, consolation when the sun came through and a great green iceberg loomed up a biscuit toss away, with the waves breaking in foam at its base. The delay must have borne hardly on the King and Queen, who will have regretted the necessity of disappointing people and rendering some preparations of none effect, and it cut into a part of their (so-called) quiet time at Rideau Hall. Any last-minute change in the programme falls heavily, too, on their staff. With the blessings of wireless, for them days at sea on such cruises are office days, and long ones at that. But in 1901, when there was no contact with the land, the secretariat had a holiday. However, the longest journey ends at last, and all's well that

BENEATH THE "FALCON'S" PROTECTING WINGS visitors were able to shelter from the rain at the Royal Aeronautical Society's garden party held last Sunday at the Fairey Aviation Company's aerodrome at Hayes, Middlesex. Members and guests numbering several thousands — more than double the usual attendance—saw a brilliant and varied flying display, the outstanding feature being the appearance of the new R.A.F. two-seater Bolton and Paul fighter, with its power-operated gun-turret

ends well. We are deeply interested to know, and to know constantly, all vital news concerning the doings and sayings of their Majesties, of their reception here and there, of Canadian and American commentary on the tour and so forth. But it does no service to their Majesties, nor to the great visit, nor to the news services concerned, that they should "front-page" every day a plethora of trivialities. We are not a nation of infants or of tweenies, and we are far too much concerned with the Royal visit to endure with patience that daily and at absurd length our news services should obscure the issues with cheap and foolish trivialities and sometimes with mischievous and inaccurate rumour. They are trying to make a bank holiday of a great historic occasion —and personally I resent and deplore it.

SIR OSWALD SAYS . . . —If properly reported, Sir Oswald Mosley, addressing the British Union of Fascists at Dalston, said to them: "All the democratic parties are now in the service of international finance. By suggesting that Britain was threatened they hoped to bring on a war and reap huge profits out of armaments. But what country was threatening us? Hitler in his speech recently had said no such thing. He expressed admiration for the

British Empire and said he wanted to negotiate peace and disarmament. Compulsory military training was not necessary because Britain had no one to fear. It was being imposed because those who had capital—about £300,000,000—invested in eastern Europe feared for its safety." And his followers, some thousands strong, loudly applauded his words. Now, I remember quite clearly a time when Sir Oswald was looked on as a coming man in politics and when important people thought a lot of his intelligence and went to listen when he debated or spoke. He seemed to have a future of promise. His career has been a tragedy; that is proved if this Dalston speech is reported fairly in gist. For these were lamentable words to fall from a man who for a short time showed promise. Here surely is nonsense that could not hoodwink a zany. What does being "in the service of international finance" mean? And which of those monstrous blocs, the "democratic parties" or the "eastern Europe investors" is forcing the nation into war? Or are they one and the same party? Without pillorying Sir Oswald's argument that conscription (or indeed any effort for defence) is unnecessary, we have enough sheer nonsense from Dalston to justify us in shedding a tear over the tragedy of a ruined life. And sometimes, when I see the Fascist slogans chalked up on the walls of public lavatories, I think with sorrow of those early years of promise which great men fought and served under its banner. To-day it is a tattered rag under which lesser men snipe aimlessly in a guerrilla warfare fought in the desert. I suppose no one can equal the record of Mr. Mander at question time. I suppose Wolverhampton E. takes pride in the annual output of questions and supplementaries by its member. In political life, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some . . . make their presence known at question time. Mr. Mander's forte is foreign affairs, and his métier is to embarrass the Government with awkward questions. Perhaps he has made a reputation in Parliament in the past decade, but only his name is familiar in *my* ears as household words. "Mander? Mander? Oh the man who is always asking questions?" *Vox et præterea nihil.* "O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird, Or but a wandering voice?" I should like to give Mr. Mander the bird, but I cannot. He is getting on in years. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge. He is chairman of a well-known company and a member of the Inner Temple. But I fancy he will never be a member of an Inner Cabinet. For I do not think that his assiduous energy at question time (e.g. his "awkward" questions to the Premier on Russia) does service to the Empire or to Liberalism or to Mr. Geoffrey Le M. Mander. He and one or two other of the Liberal Opposition have killed my interest in Liberalism stone dead.

MYSTERY OF MR. MANDER.—Mr. Mander, Liberal M.P. for Wolverhampton since 1929, puzzles and distresses me. I was born and bred in the Liberal tradition and I used to hope that one day a Liberal revival would come and a Liberal Government once more direct affairs from Westminster. But to-day old labels are dead letters and some of the men who still wear the label in opposition by their methods in Parliament and on the platform convince me that Liberalism is better dead. Liberalism has a distinguished history in British politics and some of our

SIR HARRY STONOR.—This was the very moral of the English gentleman of the Edwardian era. He seemed to have survived inexplicably out of the dead past. To see him enter the pavilion at Lord's in, say, 1935, wearing a straw hat with I.Z. ribbon and a pearl grey suit, with a lightness and grace of movement that belied his years and silver hair, was to be transported back to the age of privilege. Privilege indeed had ever surrounded him. His mother was a daughter of Sir Robert Peel, and a favourite with Queen Victoria, who made the son, though a Catholic, one of her gentleman ushers while still a youth. He remained a courtier in every succeeding reign and I believe he hardly ever missed a court function in fifty years. But privilege covered him earlier still. His parents died when he was a child and he spent much of his youth at Sandringham on brotherly terms with the children of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). Queen Alexandra he regarded almost as a mother. At Sandringham he learned his shooting; indeed in youth he had much more of it there than did King George. He became certainly the most graceful and probably one of the six best game shots who ever lived. His eyes began to fail in the 30's. It was a tragedy for a man to whom shooting meant so much. He endured it with stoicism. He had a real appreciation of music but of intellectual resources no great store. He used to shoot every year, to the end, with Percy Chubb at Drynachen. I remember being next to him in the line the last year he shot there. His eyesight was fast failing. He could no longer see or hit with certainty the birds that came low against the heather. But when they came high, he could still kill them in his masterly way, stone dead, one after another, shot through the neck. He was a perfect shot, but not of the race of marauders. He was the perfect courtier, too, of an age that is gone.

WILTON AND THE WORLD. —On a lovely May day the House of Bingham gathered at Wilton for a pious ceremony, to re-hallow the chancel of old Wilton Parish Church as a chapel of ease, and the churchyard as an open space. Binghams came from all over the place. Lord Lucan, the head of the English Binghams, performed a special ceremony in the presence of another son of the House from America. He unveiled a memorial tablet to two Robert Binghams—one a Bishop of Salisbury of the thirteenth century, who was so consecrated in the old church, and the other an American Ambassador of the twentieth century accredited to St. James'. The last did much to bring about the restoration, but did not live to see the work accomplished. But his son was present from America, and so were a score more Binghams. They were big folk in the counties of Dorset and Wiltshire centuries ago and built houses and bridges and public works, and the old family home of Bingham's Melcombe, though it has gone out of the family, is still a monument to their taste and soundness in architecture. They have produced many famous soldiers and sailors besides ecclesiastics and diplomats, and the story of the House is the history of England and of the English-speaking races.

NASTY POSTCARDS.—The piers of popular British seaside resorts might be expected to deal in the shoddy, the vulgar and the nasty. But these things should be kept at least within bounds of decency. I was horrified to see the sort of postcards which are on sale on the piers at one very famous seaside resort. They are vulgar, of course, and lacking in any sort of humour which could appeal to any but the lowest grade of the semi-educated. That is to be expected. But some of them, in their crudity, go beyond vulgarity. They are positively indecent and disgusting. They would not be tolerated in Nazi Germany for one day. In such matters we are inclined to overdo toleration and what we call (for once, justly) freedom. I cannot imagine anything more calculated to do harm to the young, and to retard the slow progress to taste and decency of a section of the nation than some of these disgusting picture postcards, the product of debased or diseased minds.

THE OLD STAGER

CANADA'S MINT COMMEMORATES THE ROYAL VISIT

TO MARK A GREAT EVENT IN CANADIAN ANNALS: The reverse and the obverse of the medallion which has been struck officially in Canada on the occasion of the Royal visit, and 2,500,000 of which are to be distributed free to the schoolchildren of the Dominion. One side bears the likeness of the King and Queen wearing their crowns and robes of State, while on the other is a map of the Dominion, surmounted by a shield containing Canada's Arms and ensigned by the Imperial Crown. In slight relief across the map is depicted by lines the itinerary of the Royal visitors from Atlantic to Pacific over the transcontinental railway. An appropriate inscription surrounding the map is in Latin: "A Mari Usque ad Mare Regem et Reginam Canada Salutat"—"From Sea to Sea Canada Salutes Her King and Queen." Canadian-mined silver and Canadian copper are being used in these medallions. Those made in silver are about 1¼ ins. in diameter

Coins and Medallions Struck for the Big Occasion

On right—

THIS COMMEMORATIVE SILVER DOLLAR has been struck by the Royal Canadian Mint at Ottawa to mark the visit of the King and Queen, and is now obtainable at all banks in the Dominion. The obverse bears the effigy of the King while the reverse shows the Peace Tower of the Federal Parliament House

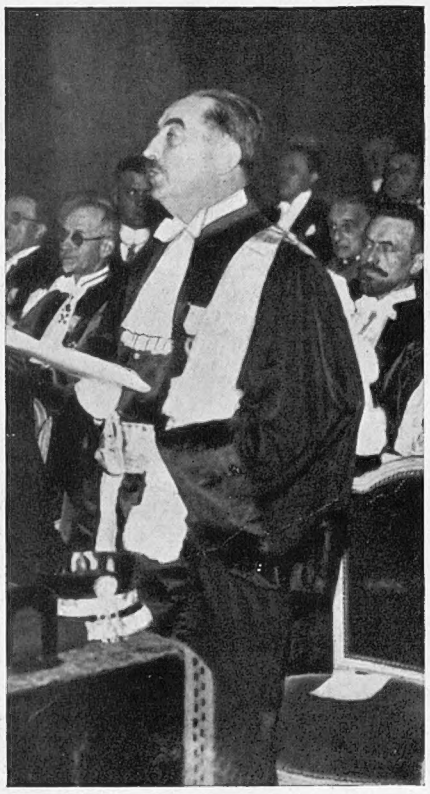
EUROPE:

The Release of Baron de Rothschild : Sir Percy Loraine Meets the King of Italy: Grenoble's Degree for Viscount Halifax

FREE FROM THE NAZI GRIP: Baron Louis de Rothschild, who was held prisoner in Vienna following the annexation of Austria and has only just been released, seen as he drove through Paris with his sister-in-law, Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, after a dinner held to celebrate his release. He was imprisoned in the same building as Schuschnigg

BRITAIN'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE QUIRINAL: Sir Percy Loraine (left), seen with the Master of Ceremonies, Marquis Ciarelli, after presenting his credentials to King Victor Emmanuel. Sir Percy was formerly British Ambassador to Turkey

RUMANIA'S NEW PREMIER: M. Armand Calinescu (right), head of the Government of National Concentration, standing beside Professor Nicolas Iorga, Councillor to the Royal Household, at the unveiling of a statue to King Carol I in Bucharest



VOICES OF FRANCE: M. Campinchi (*left*), the French Minister of Marine, speaking as guest of honour at a luncheon of the Anglo-American Press in Paris. *Right*—Professor Sarrailh, Rector of Grenoble University, inaugurating the University's 600th anniversary celebrations. A degree was conferred on Lord Halifax in his absence

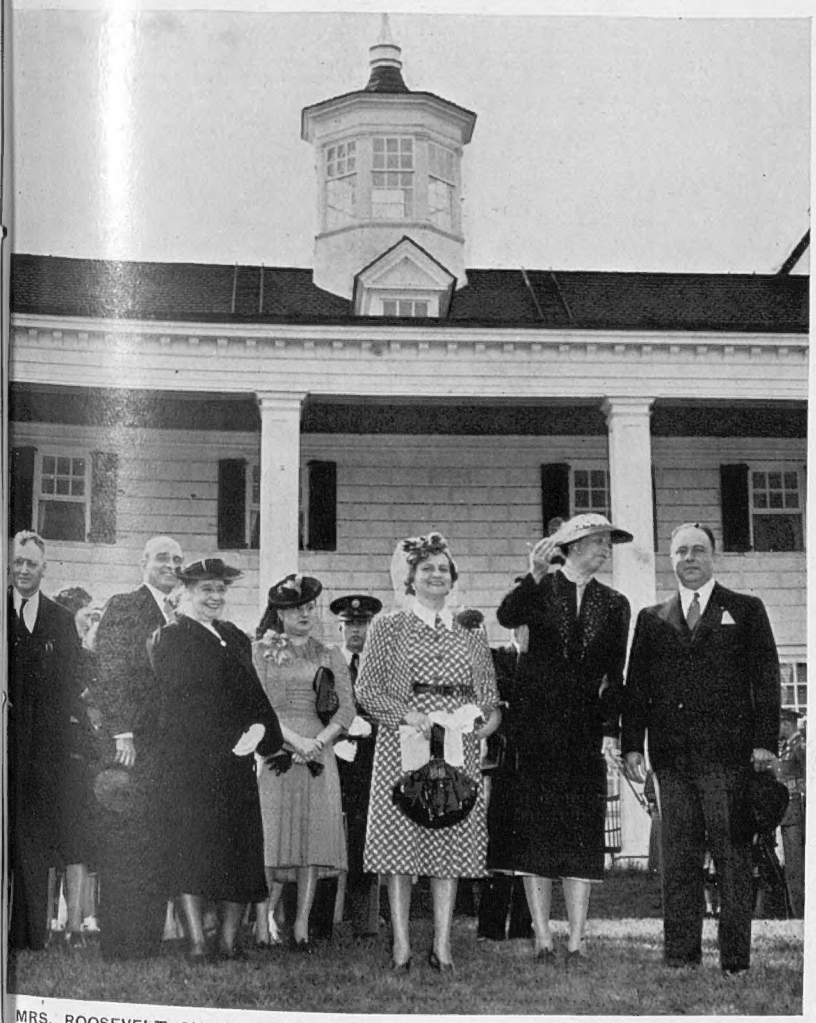
THE UNITED STATES:

ROYALTY SEES MANHATTAN LIFE: Crown Prince Olav of Norway dining with Mrs. Lucius Boomer at the Waldorf Astoria during his visit to New York for the World's Fair. Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha were received by President Roosevelt, as also were the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark

A DEBATABLE POINT: John L. Lewis (left), President of the United Mine Workers of America, listens to a challenging answer from Dr. Steelman (centre), head of the U.S. Conciliation Service, during negotiations in New York with a view to ending the coal strike. Last week an agreement was reported. During the stoppage 460,000 miners were idle and very nearly £10,000,000 was lost in wages

Grover Whalen Opens the Turkish Pavilion at the World's Fair: Crown Prince Olav in New York : Mrs. Roosevelt Entertains

TURKEY'S BIG DAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: Mr. Grover Whalen, President of the Fair, speaking at the dedication of the Turkish Pavilion which, in common with the British Pavilion, was opened in better time than most of the other buildings. Standing behind Mr. Whalen is the Turkish Ambassador to Washington with the President of the Turkish delegation to the Fair. Pro-Turkish feeling is running high in America since Turkey declared her intention of supporting the democracies

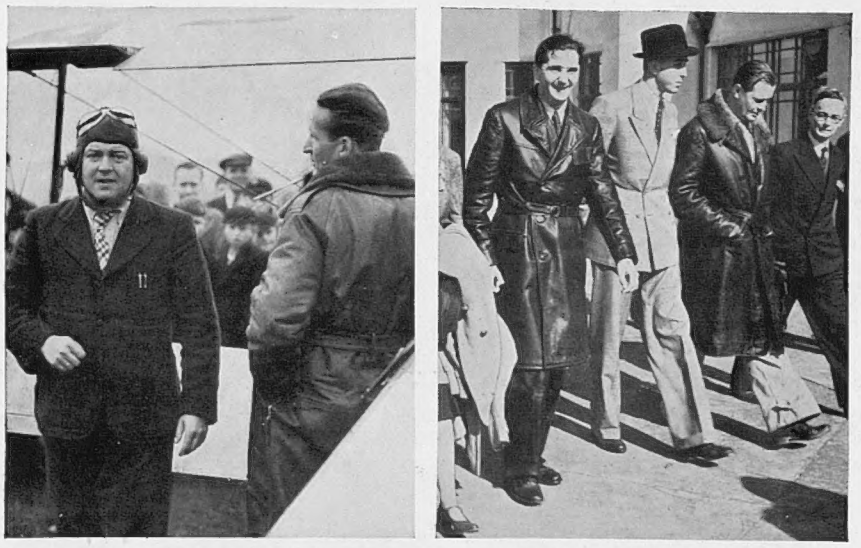


MRS. ROOSEVELT SHOWS THEM ROUND: America's First Lady seen at Mount Vernon, home of George Washington, with President Anastasio Somoza of Nicaragua and Madame Somoza. Mount Vernon stands on a hill overlooking the River Potomac. President Somoza has been urging the construction of the Nicaragua Canal

AT HOME:

The Future of Tank Warfare : Hungarian Flyers Make a Forced Landing in London: The Stamp Dealers' Bourse

ANTI-TANK GUNNERS IN ACTION ON NORRIS RIDGE, ALDERSHOT, during a mimic battle this week when high officers watched the proceedings. The question of tank warfare is said to be exercising the particular attention of all the leading powers at the present moment, as a situation of stalemate seems to be developing. Every month sees some improvement both in the tank and the anti-tank gun, and this constant alteration of existing designs is naturally a costly and troublesome matter

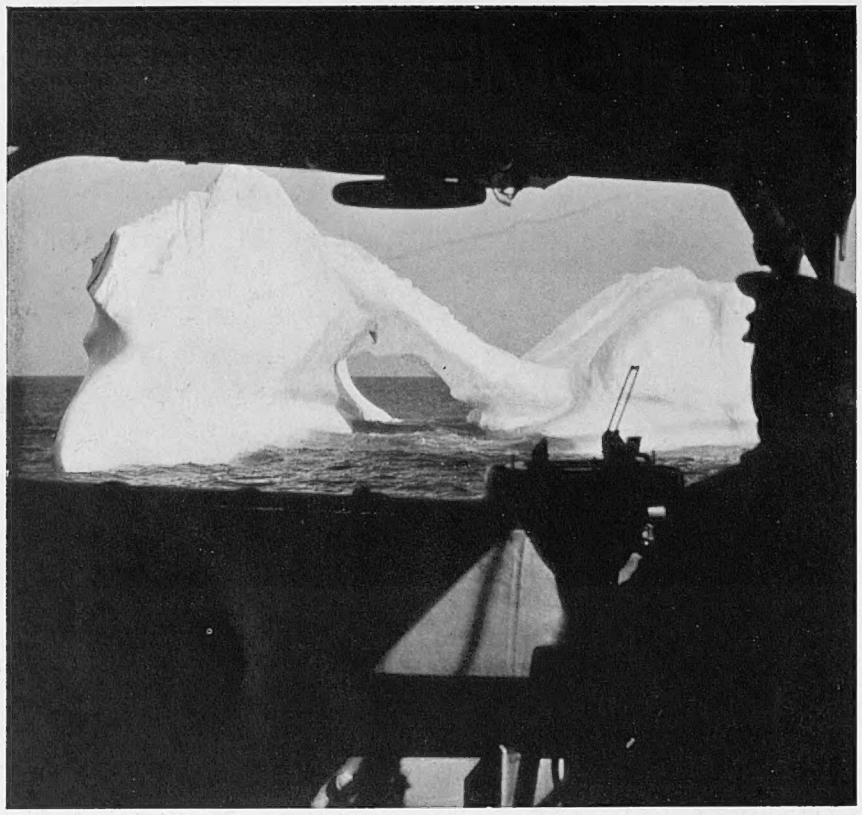


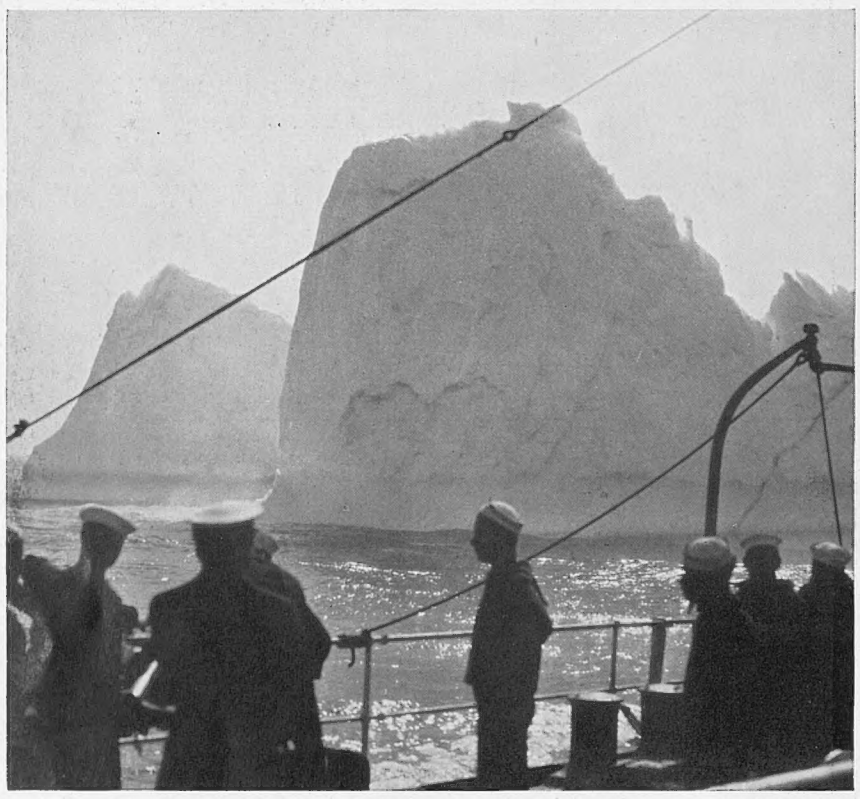
HUNGARY IN THE FLYING NEWS: *Left*—Gunnersbury Park had a surprise last Monday when these two Hungarian officers, aiming for Heston, made a forced landing, very nearly hitting the top of the bowls pavilion. Other Hungarian flyers succeeded in reaching their destination, and (*on right*) four of them are seen on arrival at the aerodrome. They have come over as guests of the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Royal Aero Club. The young man with the broad smile is a son of Admiral Horthy

STUDY OF A PHILATELIST: A Dutch dealer looking earnestly through a catalogue at the International Stamp Dealers' Bourse which has been held in London this week

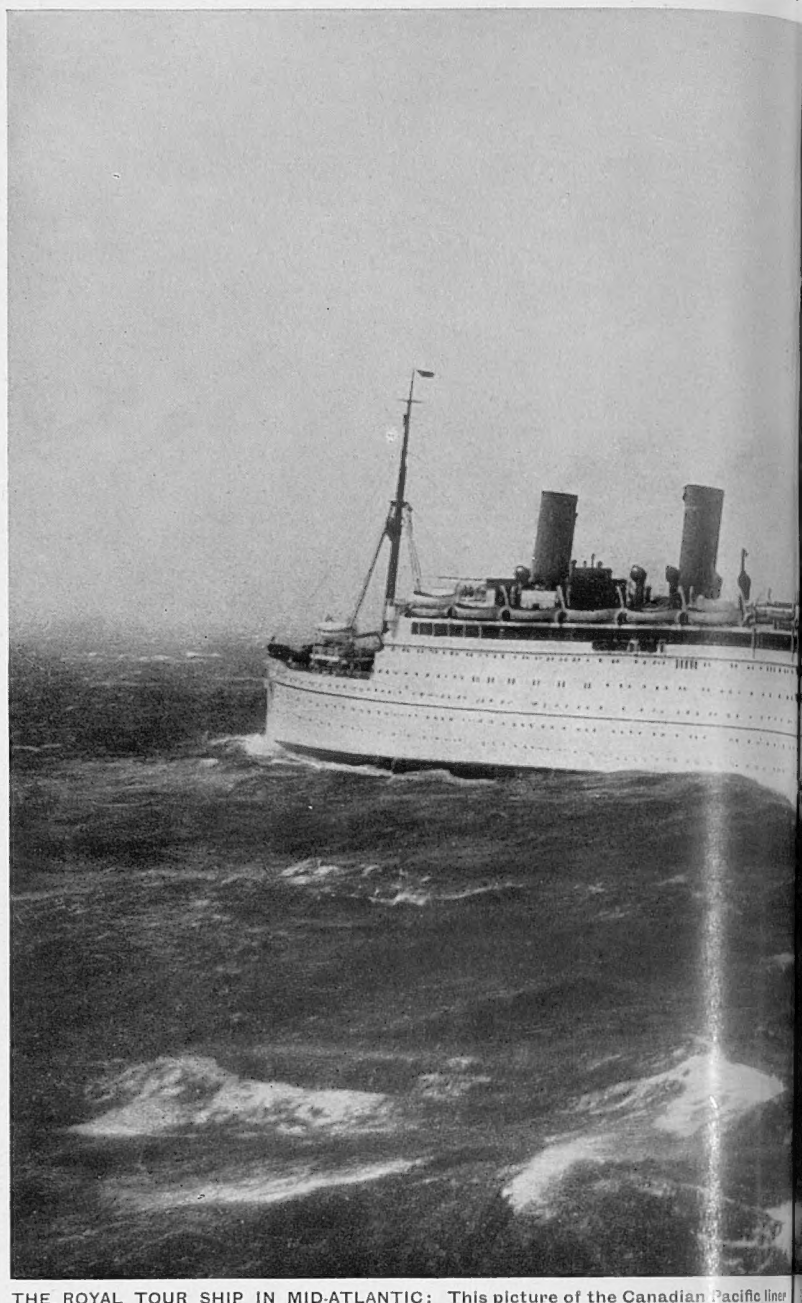
FOG AND ICE DELAY THE KING

The First Pictures of Their Majesties' Voyage to Canada in the

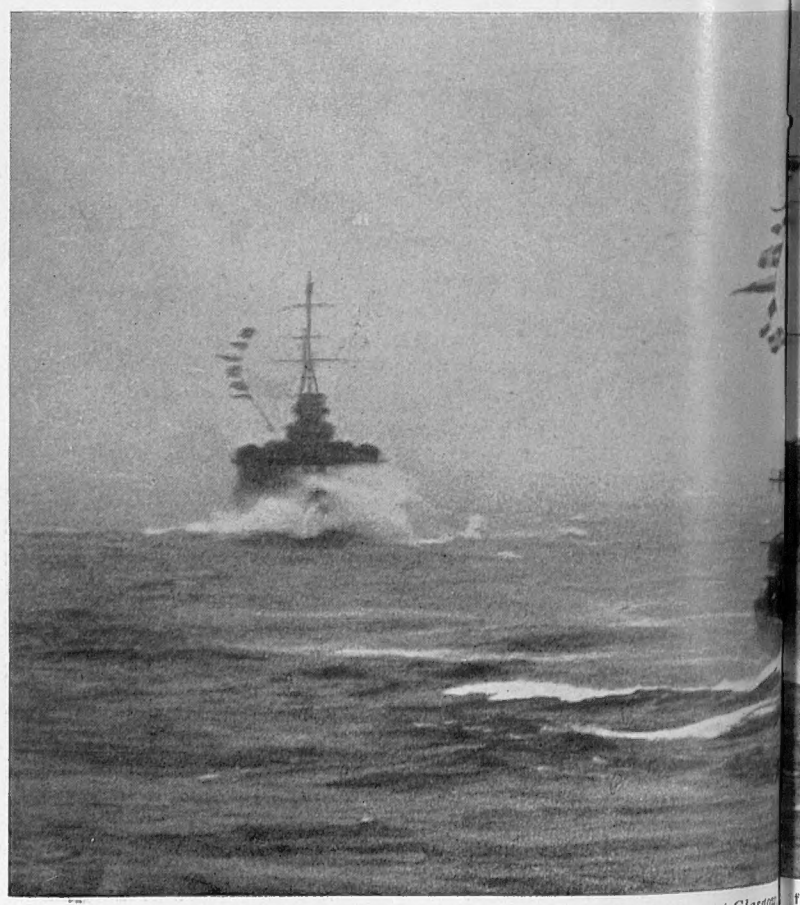




IN A WORLD OF ICE: Bergs typical of those that are to be found in spring off the north American coast, where they drift menacingly across the shipping routes. Conditions this year have been particularly severe and the *Empress of Australia*, in which the King and Queen journeyed to Canada, had to make her way during days of intermittent fog through one of the biggest icefields that has been seen for many years on the north Atlantic route. At one period the liner was at a standstill for eight hours. "Growlers"—small icebergs—were constantly sighted when the fog lifted and there was an almost arctic nip in the air. During this week there has been considerable criticism of the fact that the King and Queen were taken on such a northerly route



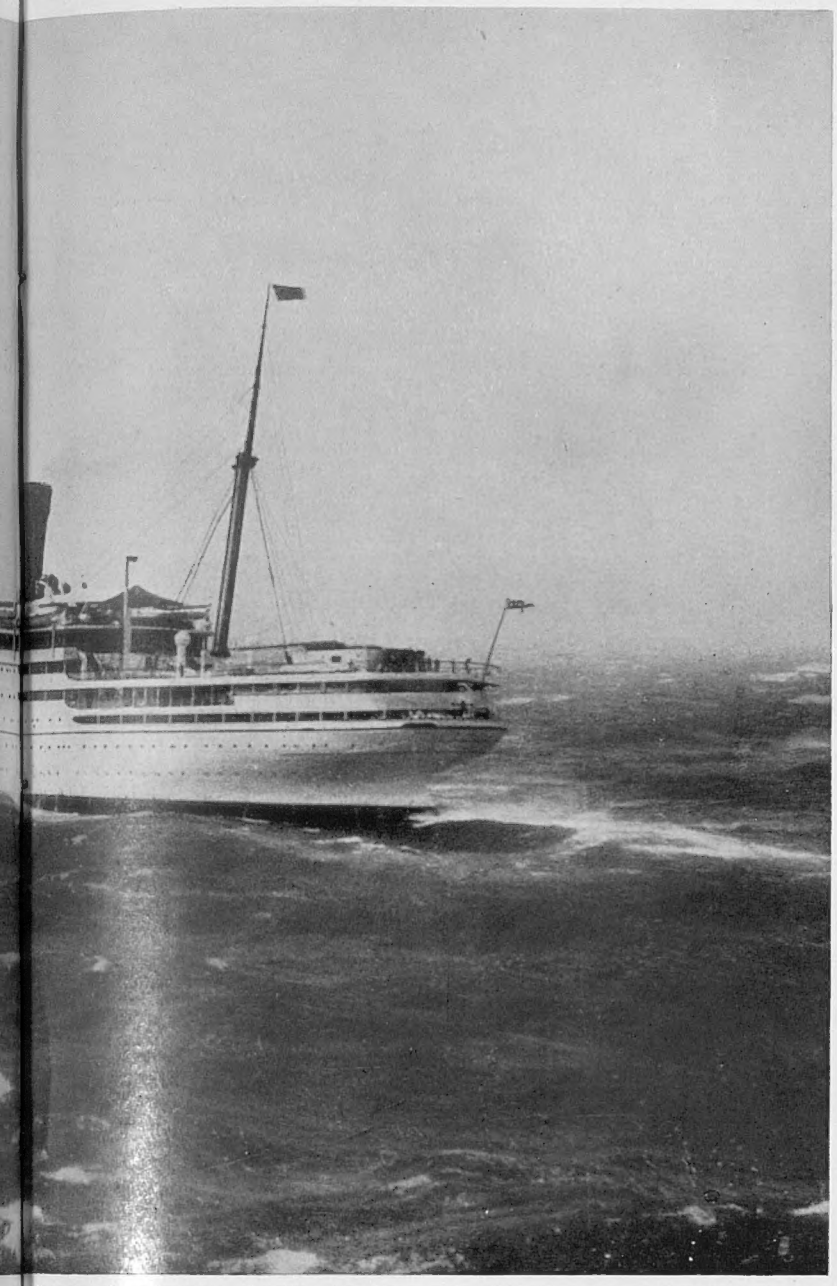
THE ROYAL TOUR SHIP IN MID-ATLANTIC: This picture of the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of Australia* was taken from H.M.S. *Repulse* before the latter turned for home, leaving the *Empress* to proceed on her way to Quebec with the cruisers *Southampton* and *Glasgow* to accompany her. During this first part of the voyage sea conditions were boisterous, but good progress was made. As the liner neared



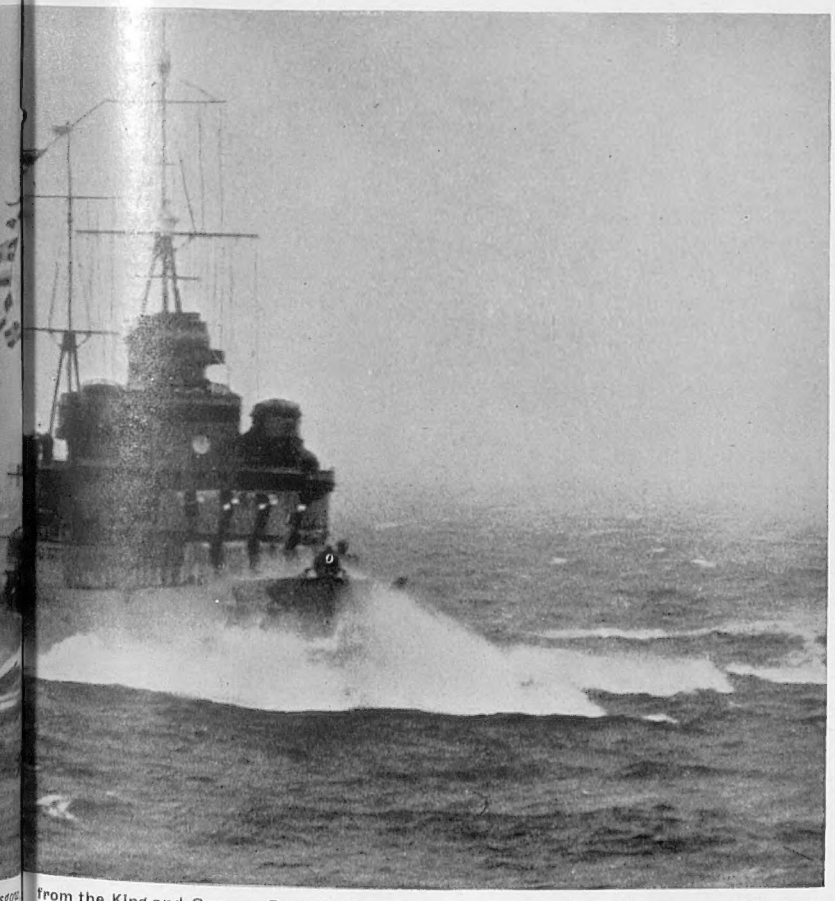
THE ESCORT CRUISERS BATTLE WITH HEAVY SEAS: The *Southampton* and *Glasgow*, which accompanied the *Empress of Australia* on her Atlantic voyage, pictured from the deck of the *Repulse* during the early part of the voyage. In mid-ocean the *Repulse* turned for home, bringing this and other pictures together with ma

G AND QUEEN ON THE ATLANTIC

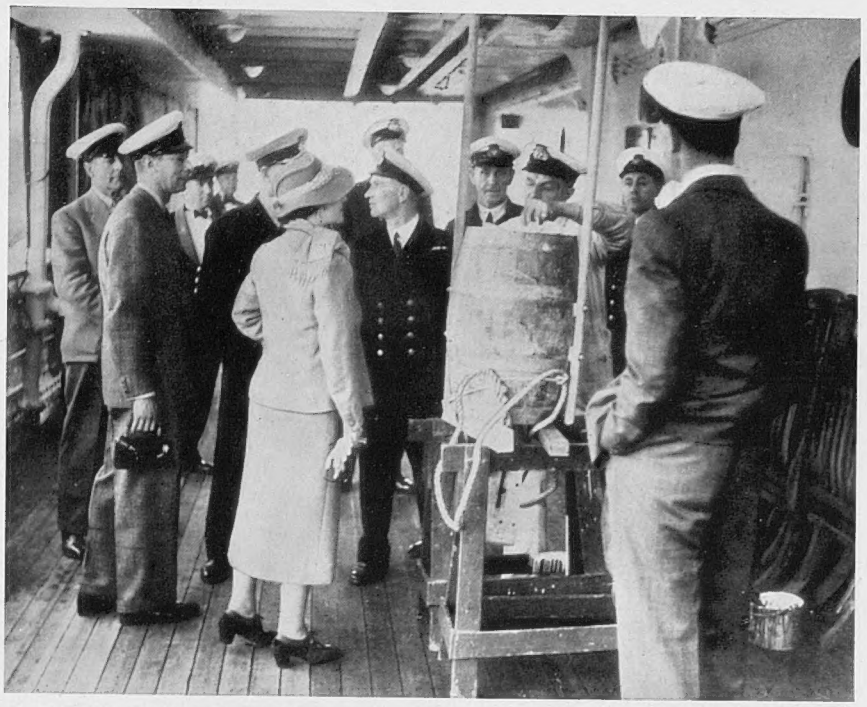
he "Empress of Australia" : How Mails were Dispatched by Barrel



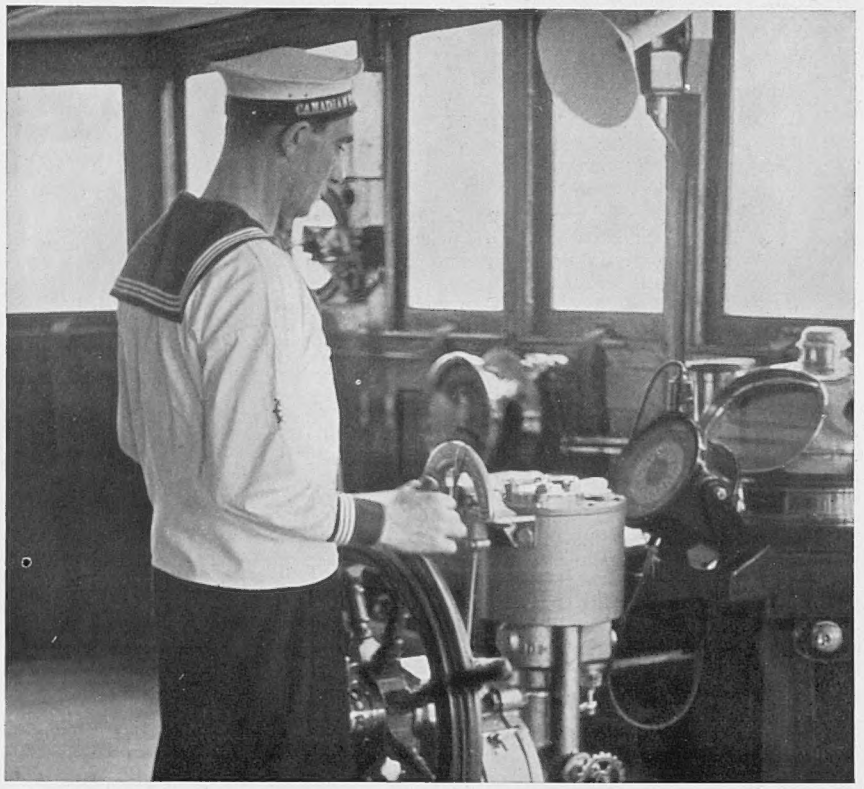
Newfoundland, however, fog time and time again slowed her up or else brought her to a standstill. Later she ran into icefloes, and these caused progress to be further delayed. An eye-witness reported that for hours on end "the vessel ploughed through the floes at only 4 knots, the ice bumping and scraping her sides." The total delay amounted to about 48 hours, thus calling for revision of the tour schedule



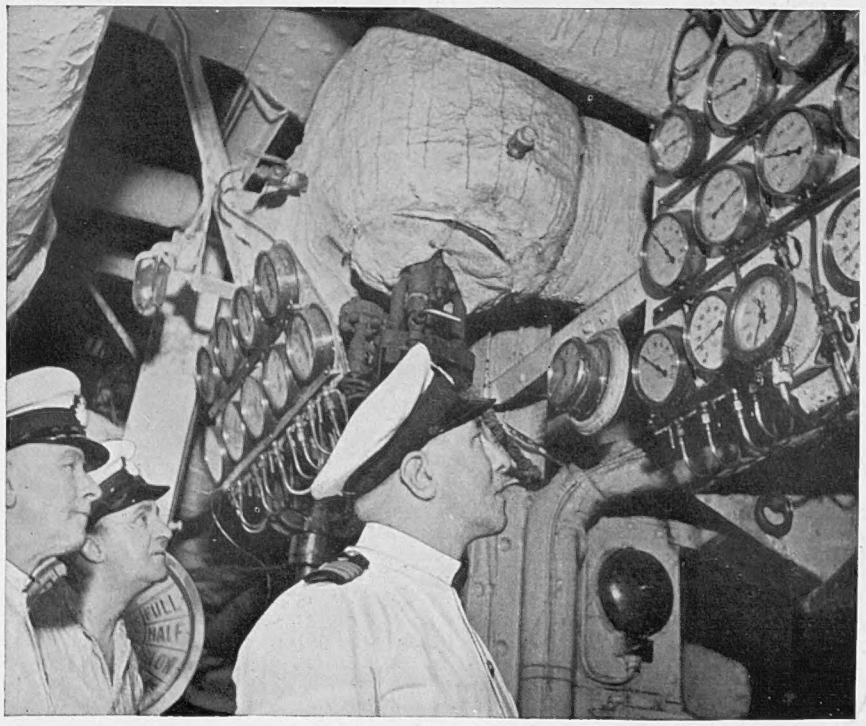
from the King and Queen. During the voyage a case of appendicitis occurred on board the *Glasgow*, Surgeon Captain White and Surgeon Captain Maxwell being pulled across from the *Empress of Australia* to help in the operation which proved successful. While the King and Queen are in America the two cruisers will visit various ports



LETTERS FOR HOME: The King and Queen watching the mail barrel being prepared before it was thrown overboard from the *Empress of Australia* in mid-Atlantic. A flag was attached to the barrel in order to indicate its position in the water, and by skilful manœuvring it was picked up by members of the crew of the escorting vessel, H.M.S. *Repulse*. The *Repulse* then turned for home and she arrived at Plymouth last Saturday



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL: A scene on the bridge of the *Empress of Australia*, where many anxious hours were spent during the Royal voyage. Directing operations were Vice-Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, who was in command of the *Empress of Australia* and her two escorting vessels, and Captain Meikle, the captain of the *Empress of Australia*. Captain Meikle actually remained on the bridge for several days on end

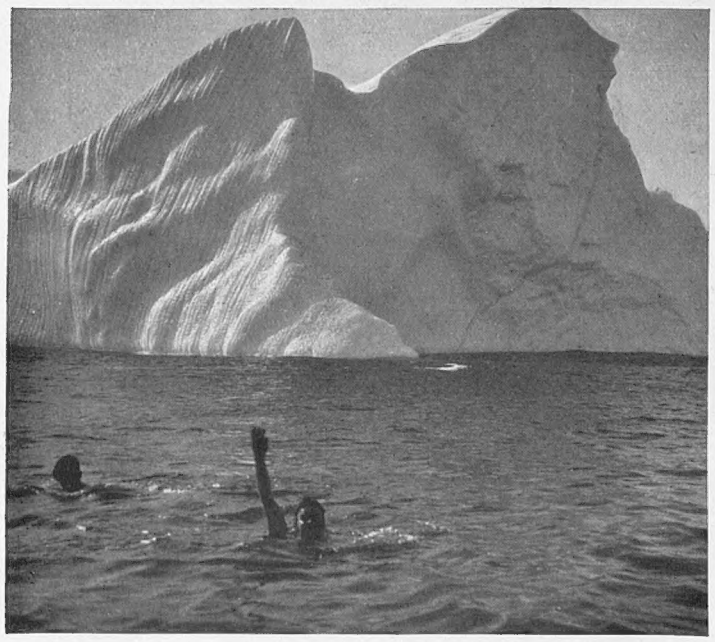


KEEPING HIS EYE ON THE DIALS: Chief Engineer Jackson pictured in the engine room of the *Empress of Australia*. Like Captain Meikle he had an intensely arduous time, the journey being punctuated by many stops and starts, while during the last 600 miles he had to put on all speed in an endeavour to catch up some of the lost time

The Ice Menace of the North Atlantic

THE *Empress of Australia*, bearing their Majesties to Canada, has been held up for long periods by fog in the danger area of the north Atlantic. It is not the fog itself which constitutes the danger but the floating ice and icebergs which come down from Greenland. One has only to remember the *Titanic* to realise how terrible this danger is.

Hundreds of centuries ago a huge ice cap covered the northern part of America and Europe, and during the height of the last glacial epoch no shipping would have been possible where now ocean liners cross back and forth between New York and Europe on the busiest water trade route of the world. The glacial ice has to-day almost entirely disappeared from North America. Wherever it exists it does not reach the ocean. Only in Greenland do ice age conditions still prevail.



COME IN AND JOIN US! American coastguard men swimming near an iceberg. Contrary to expectations, they found the water pleasantly warm

An ice dome of tremendous thickness towers over 500,000 sq. miles of that frigid land, feeding dozens of mighty glaciers. Some of these glaciers advance at exceptional speed moving forward 50 ft. or more each day across the rocky strip of land between the ice cap and the coastline. When they reach the sea they discharge billions of tons of ice fragments into the water and many thousands of regular icebergs during the year. Fortunately, not all of these icebergs are able to drift south towards the north Atlantic lane routes.

It has been found that icebergs water-borne at the coast of east Greenland are carried by a branch of the Gulf Stream to regions near south-west Greenland, there to perish in the warmer waters. Some fail to get far from their home waters.

The ice production of most glaciers melts locally. Nevertheless, a few thousand bergs from west Greenland's ice fjords north of the Arctic Circle are able to drift westward across Baffin Bay. These get into the cold Labrador current choked with pack-ice that flows from the Arctic to the north Atlantic past Baffin Island, Labrador, and Newfoundland. Most of these icebergs go aground and melt on the rocky coast of Labrador long before they can cross the danger line. On the average, however, each year about 350 to 400 of them get south of Newfoundland to interfere with shipping in the north Atlantic. Naturally, the steamer-lanes to and from Canada suffer most from all of these, but the routes to and from the United States are nearly always crossed by a few icebergs each spring.

At the International Conference for the Safety of Life at Sea, held at London in January, 1914, representatives of the fourteen foremost maritime nations inaugurated the International Ice Patrol in the north Atlantic. They invited Uncle Sam to undertake the management of this noble service, the expense to be defrayed by the high contracting parties in a fixed proportion. Each year since then the U.S. coastguard maintained the patrol with two or three of its best equipped motor cutters which keep close watch on the southernmost ice so as to be able to warn captains promptly and effectively of the constantly changing position and movements of the menacing bergs and floes.

The patrol vessels do not attempt to destroy the icebergs, as many people have been led to think by erroneous statements in newspapers. The ice patrol's experiments have shown that icebergs are so hard and resistant that the explosion of 100 lb., more or less, of T.N.T. has very little effect other than to increase the size of the hole in which the charge is placed and to shake off a few pieces of ice already about to fall. Gunfire helps even less than mining. Well-placed shots will sometimes bring down a few tons of ice into the sea, but when it is considered that 500,000-ton bergs are not uncommon and that only a fraction of the mass of ice serves as a target above water, the futility of this method of attack becomes apparent.

Up to the present time, at least, it seems that the only practicable thing to do is to watch and to keep shipping advised until in the natural course of events icebergs melt in the warm Gulf Stream waters. During the advance of summer icebergs disappear rather rapidly from the neighbourhood of the steamer tracks. Eight times each day radio broadcasts giving locations and probable drift tracks of all known critical bergs are transmitted for the benefit of ships approaching the ice patrol area. The different bergs, if not sighted by or reported to the patrol cutter, are kept from 5 to 7 days in the broadcasts before they are dropped.

Much scientific work has continually been carried on by the patrol. Deep-sea soundings are obtained by the echo method at frequent intervals for the purpose of improving the bathy-metrical charts of the region. Surface and subsurface temperatures and salinities are determined at numerous oceanographic stations. This study has brought about a valuable knowledge of the currents generated where the Labrador current meets the stronger Gulf Stream.

EVERY NINTH YEAR

The ice which detained their Majesties in the Empress of Australia *is the worst that has been reported for some years past, but every old shell-back experienced in the Western Ocean has been prophesying trouble with it, for 1939 is a ninth year and the ninth year has been particularly bad for ice, with only one exception, ever since the problem has been carefully studied from the 50's of last century; 1912 was a ninth year when the* Titanic *was sunk, but 1907 was not, and that was the worst year known. Bergs were sighted about 32 deg. north and also off the south-west coast of Ireland, while the season was unusually long. That was very unusual and most years see the danger over by the middle of April and very few bergs south of 43 deg. or east of 40 deg. In both cases the bergs are only stragglers anywhere near these limits and as they are outside the normal fog areas they are usually easily seen. Against this they are also generally unusually large, though they are melting rapidly in the warm current.*

F.C.B.

Conscription in Holland:

Lessons To Be Learnt from the Dutch System

By ROY ELSTON

OPPONENTS of compulsory military service in Great Britain would do themselves no harm by studying the situation in those European countries where individual liberty is just as highly prized as in England, and where sentiment, *vis-à-vis* Continental problems, is not altogether unlike our own. There is no need for them to study duty in relation to rights—that is a matter for their own conscience; but what they might well do is to study the workings of national defence abroad.

The Dutch have not had our good fortune in being separated from Continental Europe by the sea. But they live, and have lived for a good many years, practically as an island. They have the characteristics of an island folk. Like us, they are a sea-faring people, a liberty-loving people, a people that has no desire to get mixed up in the affairs of others.

Why, then, conscription? Why should such a country feel compelled to impose upon its people a system whereby it can mobilise a fully-trained army of over 400,000 men? And if the argument for a Dutch army is sound, why should it not be raised on the voluntary system, which, paradoxically enough, certain British labour leaders conceive to be more democratic than the compulsory system? The answer is simple. The voluntary system has been tried in Holland under various forms and has always failed. Not only has it failed to provide a suitably-trained army, but the lack of balance due to drawing people at haphazard from the national supply was more upsetting to the country's economic life than the organised and evenly-spread withdrawals involved in compulsory service.

Up to 1795 the Dutch army was composed mainly of mercenaries. Three years later a law was introduced declaring that "It is the duty of every Batavian burger to bear arms, and to be registered on the National Defence Roll." The form of conscription involved in this law was opposed by the citizens with obstinate fury, and with many of the arguments employed by labour leaders in England to-day; and it was not long before the law was modified out of existence. A regular army was then tried, but this was of little use to oppose the Napoleonic advance into Holland, and it was left to the French to give the Dutch their first taste of real conscription. Napoleon's decree was issued in 1811. Two years later Dutch independence was restored, and at the end of that year, on December 6, 1813, compulsory military service was imposed by the Dutch sovereign on all males between the ages of seventeen and forty-five.

Bitter opposition against the measure continued, and its terms were so modified that it was not long before the real defence of Holland rested once more in the hands of voluntary and mercenary armies. The voluntary system proved, however, a complete failure. Humiliating subterfuges had to be resorted to in an attempt to keep the volunteer regiments up to strength, and it was soon found desirable to compromise between the volunteer and the compulsory system, by forming voluntary cadres which were gradually brought up to strength with batches of conscripts. This, too, was disappointing. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out and Dutch mobilisation was ordered, it was found that so many had been the exemptions from conscript service, and so many the favours allowed to local and national volunteer units, that the mobilised army was far below the necessary strength and woefully under-trained.

Several attempts were made subsequently to introduce a system of complete national conscription, under which the voluntary system would almost completely disappear, and the period of training be such as to ensure, at all times, an efficient and well-organised army of defence. One after another these measures were rejected until, in 1898, a form of conscription was introduced which was notable rather for its numerous exemptions and loopholes than for its national character. It served, however, to get the people accustomed to the idea of conscription. In 1901 the law was tightened. The period of service was raised to eight years and the yearly contingent was fixed at 12,300 men for full training, and 5,200 for partial training. In 1912, the yearly contingent was raised to 23,000. By August 1, 1914, Holland was able to mobilise 200,000 trained men, and in the course of mobilisation this number was raised to 450,000.

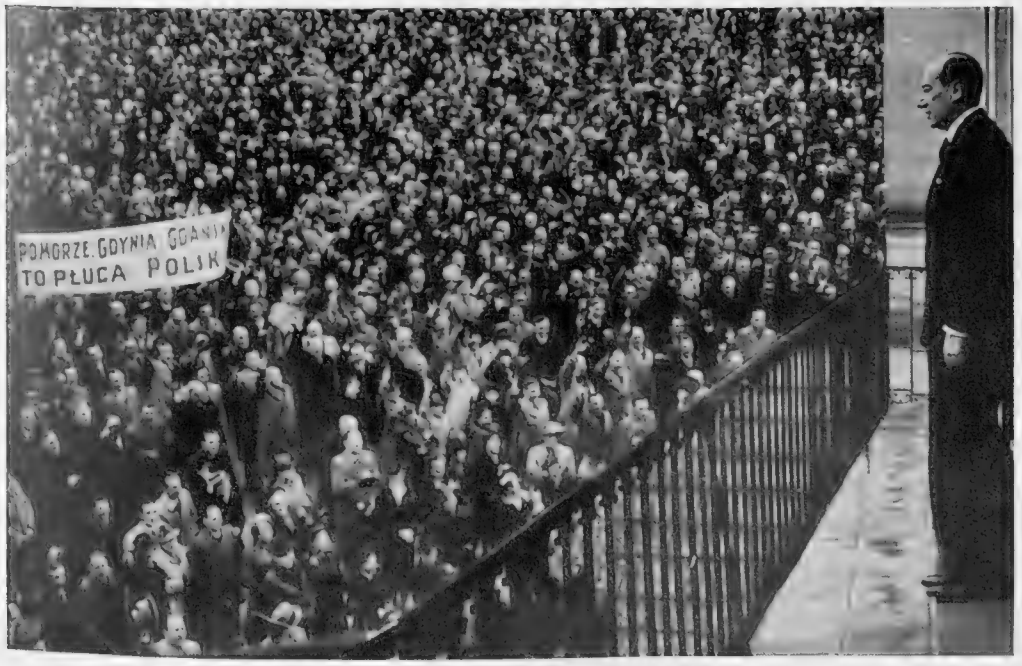
Holland had at last a highly efficient national army drawn equally from all sections of the community: a democratic army in the truest sense of the term, and one so organised that the pressure on economic life was reduced to a minimum. To-day, the system works so smoothly that that pressure is hardly felt at all. It is hard to see why that should not also be possible in Great Britain, where the number of men involved is far smaller, in proportion to population, than in Holland.

Briefly, this is how the system works: Every Dutch male, upon reaching the age of eighteen, must be registered on the National Register for Compulsory Service. Exemption may be granted from service where it is shown that the young man's family is wholly dependent upon him, or where a brother is already serving or has served. These are the only important exemptions now admitted, and they are granted at the discretion of the Ministry. The number of annual registrations is approximately 80,000. After exemptions are granted, and the medically unfit thrown out, there is always a sufficient number over to complete the contingent of 32,000 men annually required by law. Recruits are subject not only to the usual medical examination, but to a highly complicated form of "psycho-technical" investigation, from the reports of which it is decided what unit a man shall be sent to, what kind of duty he may be expected to shine in, and whether he should be kept in mind as a potential N.C.O. or commissioned officer.

Having been registered at eighteen, the Dutch conscript is called up in the following year. The first period of training is not the same for all recruits, but the maximum for infantry and cycle units is eleven months; for cavalry, including mechanised units, fifteen months; for mounted artillery, twelve months; unmounted, eleven months; for engineers, twelve months; and for all other units either eleven or twelve months. Once the first period of training is over, the soldier is obliged to keep with him his uniform, but not his arms, and to be available for annual examination. After four years he may be called up again for seventeen days' training, to accustom him to any new arms which may have been introduced; two years later a further seventeen days' training is required of him; and four years later a final period of six days. The periods of re-training are slightly increased for non-commissioned officers.

POLAND'S HISTORIC STAND : Foreign Minister Colonel Beck Replies to Chancellor Hitler's Danzig Demands

BEFORE A CROWDED SEJM, and with the diplomatic boxes and public galleries packed as never before, Poland's astute Foreign Minister, Colonel Joseph Beck (right foreground), delivered on May 5 an historic speech, in which he outlined the reasons for his country's rejection of the German demands for the annexation of Danzig. While taking a firm line, which evoked tremendous applause from his hearers, the Minister made it clear that Poland was quite ready to undertake discussions with regard to the future of Danzig, but for this two conditions were necessary, "peaceful intentions and peaceful methods of action." The House roared approval as he concluded with the words: "Poland will not allow herself to be barred from the Baltic." The German Ambassador was not present during the speech



CHEERS FOR COLONEL BECK: The Polish Foreign Minister appears on the balcony of his Warsaw home to acknowledge the ovation of the crowd after his firm speech in the Sejm. The banner reads "Pomorze, Gdynia, Danzig—The Lungs of Poland." Pomorze is the corridor province. *On right*—Clerks at the Polish Foreign Office greeting Colonel Beck on his return from the Sejm. His popularity in Poland has never stood higher and it is now felt that he has the backing of quite 90 per cent. of the country

b

900,000 ITALIANS LIVE HAPPILY UNDER FRENCH RULE

But the Duce Seeks to Bring Them Back to the Motherland

ANSWERING THE CALL: Italians waiting at the docks in Tunis City before embarking for Naples to be repatriated under the terms arranged by the Ciano Commission. The numbers repatriated constitute but a fraction of the total Italian population in Tunisia, now estimated at 90,000

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is understood that Tunisia's 100,000 Italians undergo some form of martyrdom. I've seen no sign of it, nor, so far as I know, has anyone else who could see straight. Nevertheless, Rome's mouthpieces say so.

May we presently hear these mouthpieces averring that there is martyrdom abroad among Nice's 40,000 Italians? I see no reason why we shouldn't. Tunis is claimed. So is Nice. In fact, in this particular case the barbarous French have just nine times greater incentive to martyr at home than they have across in Africa. True, in a recent broadcast M. Daladier, in referring to the 900,000 Italian nationals earning a livelihood on French soil or sunning themselves upon it, suggested theirs was a contented lot these times. But it is plain to all how such democratic claims can be annihilated in a second by the Gaydas.

The mouthpieces might find it difficult to explain why only a tiny trickle of France's Italians are responding to the coercive efforts being made to get them to go back to Italy, but, then, no explanation would be forthcoming. Totalitarians do not explain, least of all a Ciano who is in charge of the National Repatriation Committee.

The genesis, the *raison d'être*, of this Committee may puzzle some who have been given to understand that the fertile Italian race is already jammed for space. "We must expand or explode," æons ago said the Duce who proceeded ever after to encourage fertility in many an enticing manner. That puzzled a bit at first, but we got over it. But now comes this "Come Back to Italy" business intensively aimed at emigrants the overwhelming proportion of whom left their native land for perfectly good economic reasons and have since bred contentedly in that same Gaul wherein, according to Professor and Politician Louis Marin, "*Le colon italiote, le légionnaire romain ont versé, quatre siècles, leur sang dans les veines des Gaulois, et, aux réelles qualités de la race autochtone, ont marié leurs fortes vertus.*"

A minority fled Italy on political account, a still smaller, final, and less usual migration consisted of Fascist proselytisers and agents, camouflaged or not, together with a conducted stream of Party-sound individuals (plus families) for whom berths of greater or smaller consequence had been arranged beforehand, to the eviction of freer-spirited Italians already occupying these.

Why, then, should the dazzling Ciano have early this year set about bringing 'em back alive and in mass? And why was the Recall not heard long ere this?

Perhaps the second question is best answered first. For many years past the Italians in France have been subjected to a strict control by Fascist agents sent from Italy to reside in their midst. It was deemed that sufficient headway had now been made by these agents to warrant the expectation of an adequate response to the Recall, and this referred especially to the young whom said agents had first found as small boys and girls. Besides, was there not hope that the self-exiles might think again about their country now that this had traversed glorious years of uninterrupted success?

With regard to the why of the Recall, it is best observed under four heads. (1) Desirability of presenting the picture of a "happy family" United Italy, which can hardly be done as long as vast *foyers* of filial anti-Fascists are suffered to endure on foreign soil. (2) Value of the recruits to be gained, not only in the armed forces but in war industry. (3) Concomitant weakening of France which relies much on her Italians and which might be tempted to press selectively from their ranks, into activity of national protection, in time of emergency (precisely what has just happened). Light is shed on this angle by the *Corriere della Sera*: "The drama of France is her aversion to work. Without her foreigners France wouldn't have enough miners for her mines, peasants for her fields, masons to build, roadmakers to excavate. Half of her artisans and many of her specialised workers would fail her, the nation would become as an immense paralysed body packed with employees and functionaries but deprived of creative elements." Overstatement, yet it is undeniable that success of the Recall policy would be no small matter for the Republic at this juncture. For you could well read "Italians" for "foreigners" in the *Corriere's* little piece, and not be far out: agriculture, mining, building, and roadmaking comprising the big four of Italian productive effort in France. (4) Switching over of suitable Italian emigrant families from France to Libya, the next contingent of settlers for which colony, a second armada carrying 20,000, it is hoped to see off in the autumn.

How much Rome wishes to break up the Italian emigration before this strengthens France irrevocably is evident alike in the degree and variety of pressure put upon the exiles to return home, and in the enticements offered these. The latest, proposed by Finance Minister Thaon de Revel, has a charm all its own. Italian Jews to be compelled to leave Italy, having first acquired at an imposed figure the property or businesses of Aryan Italian residents of France, who are ready to return to the homeland, thus "subsidised." Other lures take the shape of telegrams running "Mother desperately sick—come at once." But recipients of such S O S messages are now mostly telephoning through first, to find out if there is any truth in it. (Europe, Europe, what a madhouse!)

The general effect so far has been that about 10,000 or 12,000 have answered the siren call, packed up their traps, and been welcomed with "Giovinezza" at Ventimiglia and Modane. Of 20,000 in the Moselle department, only 428 went home. Italians of the Vaucluse department—M. Daladier's—sent instead a protestation of loyalty to the Premier. Lyons and Marseilles have sent the largest and most exuberant contingents, of some 1,200 and 2,000 respectively, and chiefly young men; but, then, the Marseilles district, alone, is blessed with nearly 200,000 Italians. These are mostly factory workers, artisans, in small commerce, and waiter class. Throughout the country no fewer than 438,000 Italians are listed as being workmen or in commerce, to which requires to be added a big agricultural community which precisely labours where the French will not, such as in the hard Gers department of Gascony.

The miners are distributed between the vital Briey iron ore basin bordering on Germany, and round Lille. Toulouse has thousands of Italians in industry and on the land. Along the Riviera are preponderantly those Italian masons who "rebuilt the Riviera for Mussolini." Paris is much the same as Marseilles, and, incidentally, at present has 6,000 Italians on the dole. How would Rome treat 6,000 French, similarly placed? It wouldn't. It would heave them out after a mere six weeks at about fourpence a day. Which reminds—

Less exuberant, I'll wager, than those Lyons and Marseilles trainloads of youth answering the Recall, were such as are depicted in the following message from Menton: "A second local contingent consisting of fifteen families, sixty persons, crossed into Italy to-day. They there merged with other convoys from Toulon and Nice, to a total of 1,380."

I have seen bits and pieces of such "convoys" of late, and more dejected mortals it would be hard to conjure—the adults sitting on their bundles, their brood sprawling on them, the old usually silently sobbing. The temptation is to put things down to these people having probably been turned out by the French or deprived of their means of livelihood. More likely is it just sadness caused by the prospect of the change-over. Henceforth these people would be looked after all right, only too well. Were many of them regretting how France had looked after them?

M. Daladier had been all too modest in that broadcast. He might have added that nearly all of France's Italians had jobs, and that those who had not, received the same unemployment allowance as Frenchmen, that the enormous emigration enjoyed access to the medical panel, to old-age grants and maternity aid, to large family benefits and birth bonuses, on a par with French citizens; that these social advantages France distributed to ten or more Italians for every one French national who similarly benefited in Italy.

Gratitude currently being expressed to France lights up another side of the Recall: mass meetings of Italians up and down the country, swearing aid to a France in peril, a rush to join the army now that this has at last been opened to foreigners; and old soldiers of the Piave and the Carso among the most passionate in attachment to the democratic Republic that shelters them.

Under an overdue "High Committee of Population" the Daladier government is sifting principally the Italian element which far outstrips any other, and a decree has already been promulgated warning all males between the ages of twenty and forty-eight that they are liable to be hauled into work of national importance, in an emergency, unless they elect (a) to enlist, (b) to leave the country without delay. A second decree brings us on to territory of a different kind. It specifies that all foreign associations and clubs in France, including cultural, artistic, philanthropic and sporting organisations, must obtain an authorisation from the Ministry of the Interior in order to exercise their activities. So long as the direction of such is in the hands of foreigners, and membership exceeds twenty-five, all these bodies must submit to control.

This is an attempt to reduce the intolerable abuse of hospitality that the totalitarians have succeeded in putting over in the guise you know, in England, as well as I do. These totalitarian "clubs" constitute the forcing ground of future sabotage.

Last summer I passed through Auch, a small town in the Gers (south-west) whose surrounding farmland is "as good as Italian"—14,000 Italians working on the land. And how they do labour, from dawn to dark, thirteen and fourteen hours with barely an hour's stoppage, and at 90 deg. and over. And heaven knows how hot out there in the sun. These Italians have been set up as farmers by French landowners who buy up all produce.

What the Italians do get is a home from home. Here were Italian shops, banks, churches, schools, sports organisations, trattorias and delikatessen stores, co-operatives and societies of all kinds, Italian lawyers and priests, musicians and entertainers. The region had its own newspaper, cinema, theatre. One hardly heard a word of French. Not so many can talk French, and Fascist agents take care that the children learn only Italian, beneath big, decorated pictures of the Duce and King-Emperor.

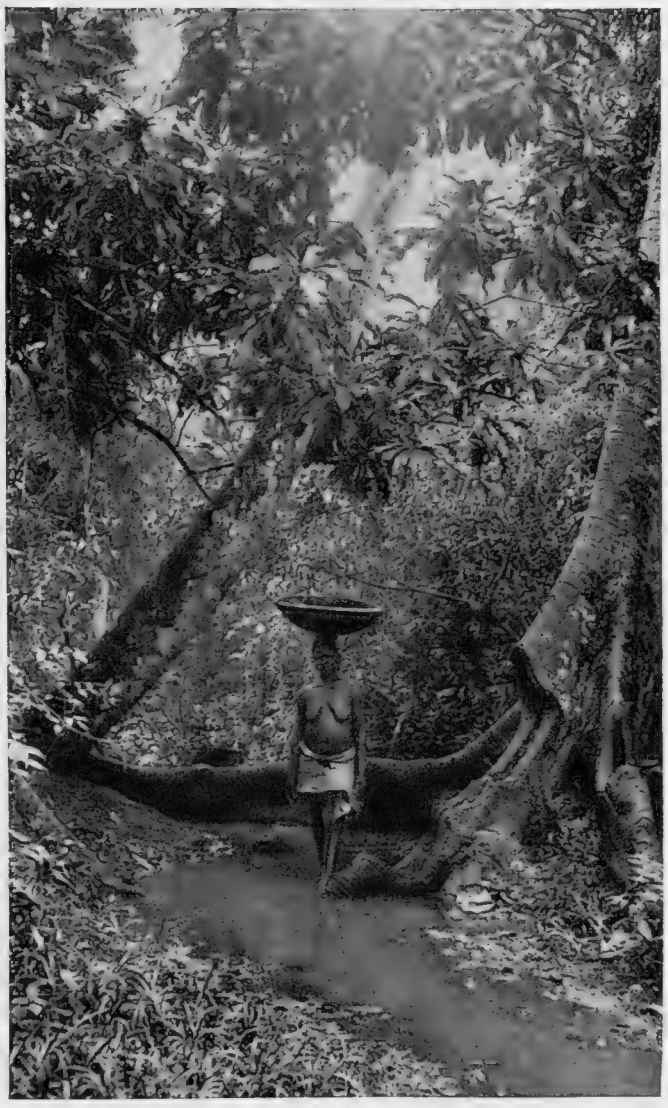
Special consular or diplomatic agents hovered over the area, controlling, examining, checking. And so it is right and left through France. Admirable, this enabling of one nationality to live inside the other, but only provided it is not abused. These islets may be safe enough to-day (though are they all?) but what of the immediate to-morrow when the played-upon younger generation has stepped into the places of their calmer fathers and mothers?

Before the war the Comité des Forges refused pointblank a request from Rome that Italian consular agents be permitted to function protectively among the large factory and mining contingent that French heavy industry had recruited from across the Alps. Yet how inoffensively would those agents have comported themselves compared with the brand the French have been compelled to tolerate since, or, at any rate, *do* tolerate.

Count Ciano's Recall looks like being a fizzle, but that does not prevent France continuing to have her Italian problem. Some insist she should naturalise as quickly as possible and *zut* the consequences.

WINNING GOLD FROM THE VIRGIN FORESTS OF THE IVORY COAST

Fastnesses Where the Tribesmen Work the Rich, Brown, Ore-Bearing Earth For the Precious Metal



AMID THE FOREST SOLITUDES tribesmen of the Ivory Coast, now a French colony of West Africa, have for centuries past searched for and found gold in the rich, brown, ore-bearing earth and many of them still continue to make a livelihood in this way. *Left*—A giant negro wanders through the forest, keeping his eyes open for a likely spot in which to start surface diggings. *Right*—A gold worker bearing on her head a pan for washing the auriferous ore

WEALTH FROM THE GOOD EARTH: *Above*—Women washing for gold in a forest stream, and (*on right*) a surface working near Tumodi, one of the most productive gold areas in the whole of the Ivory Coast. The tribesmen have worked the gold there for centuries past and it is a significant fact that the gold weights which are used in the country for weighing newly-won gold are adorned with representations of pyramids, camels, etc. From this it is deduced that Arab traders in far-off times had dealings with the people of the Ivory Coast. It was from the Arabs that the Portuguese learnt of the wealth of West Africa

HOW BRITAIN RULES IN TANGANYIKA

A Benevolent System that Gives the Coloured People Administrative Rights

BEFORE the war, Tanganyika Territory, then known as German East Africa, was considered by Germany to be her most valued colonial property, which fact has doubtless contributed to her reiterated desire to regain it. But many things have happened since Johannes Rebmann discovered Kilimanjaro, including the surrender of Von Lettow-Vorbeck in 1918, and the great development of the country's resources under British rule.

To-day, Tanganyika Territory, covering approximately 360,000 sq. miles, has a balanced budget, low taxation, no floating debt, and the loans issued on the London market pay their interest and founding charges regularly. During the economic crisis of latter years, the territory avoided the worst effects of the depression owing to the tremendous resistance of the native grower. At the present time the native contribution to the territory's wealth surpasses that of the planters by roughly £1,200,000. This is natural, since there are obviously many more native growers than settlers, but it also indicates that the native is competing more and more in world markets, and that it is by his efforts that the country is the potential gold mine it is.

The size of the Budget, which is only £1,700,000, shows that the resources of Tanganyika Territory have as yet merely been tapped. The exports are

HAIRDRESSING IN TANGANYIKA is no less arduous than it is in the beauty parlours of London. Here the hairdresser is seen sitting on her stool with a child on her lap, while the client sits on the ground. Some of the effects are very weird and elaborate. Mud makes a fine setting lotion

SCRUB CUTTING IN THE HINTERLAND: A family engaged in preparing virgin ground for planting. In this work they have the advice and, to an extent, the financial help of the Government

largely agricultural, and the crops grown by the natives and planters do not overlap. Native coffee, for instance, is cultivated principally on the slopes of Kilimanjaro and in the Bukoba district, whereas foreign producers restrain their activities to the cultivation of finer grades of coffee.

Cotton is almost completely a native product, with an export value in the neighbourhood of £350,000. With the income derived from this the natives pay their hut tax and afford themselves such luxuries as clothes and ornaments. There are as well many other exports to which the natives contribute, such as maize, millet, wheat, rice, copra, groundnuts, and bees-wax, besides conducting a trade in livestock. There are now something like 5,000,000 head of cattle in the territory and as many sheep and goats. Were it not for the tsetse fly which infests the land, there would be room for four times that number.

Tobacco, tea and sisal (which is the main export of the country) are the prerogative of the 2,000 foreigners. The Germans were responsible for first introducing sisal in 1893, and by 1912 the output was 17,000 tons. Now it has passed the 80,000-ton mark.

Gold, also, was first mined at Sekenke by the Germans, but there are now mines being worked in four other districts. Like everything else in Tanganyika, the exploitation of minerals is in its infancy. Gold, mica and tin are mined; copper, coal, graphite and asbestos could be, and 7,000 tons of salt is produced annually, either for home consumption or for sale to the Belgian Congo.

Forestry is the last of Tanganyika's great assets. Actually, only the bark of the mangrove tree which is used for tanning now finds its way out of the country, but valuable timber such as teak and cedar are to be had.

On the trees, too, depends the rainfall, for which reason they are jealously preserved and may not be felled without permission. This preservation is a difficult task for the natives can find no connection between the trees which impede their agriculture and the rain which is so necessary to it. By their wasteful method of cultivation they constantly break fresh ground, and will desolate large tracts of forest in order to secure new and fertile land. The task of educating them away from these wasteful methods is slow and difficult.

Judged by our standards, the African is stupid, but his mentality will respond to education, as witness the black barristers and doctors who are even now practising on the west coast, and the clerks working in Government offices in East Africa.

It is hardly possible to generalise about African negroes, for one tribe can differ both mentally and physically from its neighbour as widely as do Italians and Greeks, because their conditions of life are varied and diverse. Broadly speaking, however, the native is essentially natural. Living for the moment, he is impulsive, hysterical, moody, uncertain; in short, a creature of many faults but withal lovable. He is a good companion, is easily amused, has a ready fund of humour, and in the end conquers all difficulties with a laugh. For which reason, those who know the natives well are thankful that they are not to be regarded as political pawns and handed over to, perhaps, the persecution they received before the war.

With the coming of civilisation, native Africa can now be divided into two regions—the coast and the hinterland. The coastal belt contains what are known as detribalised natives, a cosmopolitan population of people who have left their homes in order to work for European or Asiatic businesses, and reside in the district of their employment. These people come under British administration and are subject to its courts of justice. In the hinterland proper are the tribes, each a compact unit living its life according to its own tribal law and custom within the limit of its own territory. Each tribe has its own government and these systems are collectively known as indirect rule

RECRUITS TO INDUSTRY: Members of the Sambaa tribe working at a cotton ginnery in Tanganyika. *On right*—Looking out across typical country in the mandated territory. It is a really beautiful land, and in the days when it belonged to Germany she regarded it as the richest of her colonies. German administration was very different to the benevolent British system now in force

A YOUNG WARRIOR OF THE BARABAIG TRIBE: He belongs to one of the most primitive peoples in all Tanganyika, but under the benevolent, indirect rule of the Government the tribes-people are slowly but surely learning the art of citizenship

By Frances Howell

Indirect rule can be claimed as a British discovery. Under the Germans the natives were ruled by a system copied or inherited from the Arabs, and one which lent itself to corruption, fraud and oppression, besides disorganising existing tribal systems.

The principle of indirect rule is that each member of a tribe shall have a share in its government, and it was established in 1925. Every community which, by the size of its land and population, was worthy of the name of tribe, was given its native administration, and the old form of tax payment to the chief, known as tribute, was abolished. In its place came the hut and poll tax which is paid into the native treasury by every male over the age of eighteen. The rate varies from 4s. to 15s. per year according to the wealth of the tribe and its financial opportunities. Government coffers receive three-quarters of this tax, while the rest remains with the native treasury. Some of these treasuries are rich, others poor. There is one in the Lake Province which budgets for an annual expenditure of £20,000, but the average lies around £2,000. Backward districts which lie far from the trade routes are often amalgamated with richer neighbours and thus helped along.

All the budgets have not only to balance but must have a reasonable reserve. The safety margin of the reserve is generally equal to twice the expenditure of any one year. The expenditure covers first the salary of the chief and his headmen who rule the courts of law, and the salaries of clerks, dispensers and messengers. Secondly, it deals with social services, repairs to buildings and maintenance of roads. Finally, the reserve when it has reached a substantial figure is drawn upon for an item known as extraordinary works, which is the building of roads, houses, irrigation schemes, cattle dips and so forth. In this way many works of permanent value have been constructed, and more will be undertaken when the reserve fund, now amounting to something near £150,000, increases.

Apart from its financial activities the native administration has executive and judicial powers. Under the first heading it collects the hut and poll tax, sees to the safety and health of its people, and keeps a census of them and their livestock. The judicial side provides the machinery to support the executive authority, and also administers justice. The Native Courts Ordinance of 1929 defined the powers of each court, classing first the Court of the Chief which has civil jurisdiction up to £30, criminal powers of six months imprisonment, whippings not exceeding eight strokes, and fines not over £10. The Courts of the Headmen, which are subordinate to the Chief's Court, have civil jurisdiction of £10.

All criminal cases of theft, assault, breach of custom or discipline come, within the above limitations, before the native courts, as do also all suits in which both parties are natives. Graver crimes such as murder, burglary and rape come before the High Court of the territory. Appeals lie from the Courts of the Headmen to the Chief's Court, and thence to the District Officer, Provincial Commissioner, and finally the Governor. The District Officer also supervises the native courts, whose members he instructs in the proper balance of punishment.

It is with such tribes as the Barabaig that the Government has the hardest task in its desire to promote the progress of the native without destroying his character and individuality. The Barabaig are a nomad tribe about 10,000 strong, and it is part of the tribal custom that their young men should face danger in order to prove their manhood. In the old days they went after lion or buffalo, but now that these animals are scarce their quarry must perforce be some native of another tribe. As a result, every strange native who travels through the Barabaig country takes his life in his hands, and it is a regrettable fact that the girls frequently expect grizzly tokens of their lovers' bravery, reminiscent of customs in the Danakil deserts of Abyssinia. White men are actually quite safe, as they are considered of no account whatever, but few of them have cared to test the truth of this.

THE BARABAIG PEOPLE: Members of a tribe that has only lately become amenable to authority. Despite their bloodthirsty habits, they have considerable charm of manner, adopting a bearing of frank independence towards their administrators

To such people the impact of white administration with its new and strange laws undoubtedly jars. Normally they live in a state of restful anarchy wherein the government of elders functions only when there is a need for them; when in fact there is some dispute to settle. Under the system of indirect rule such a haphazard government is useless, so the foreign idea of a chief was introduced to the tribe. Of the first few chiefs appointed, none lasted longer than a year, as they were either ousted by intrigue or convicted of peculation. Recently, however, there have been signs of improvement, and the present chief has been in office longer than any of his predecessors.

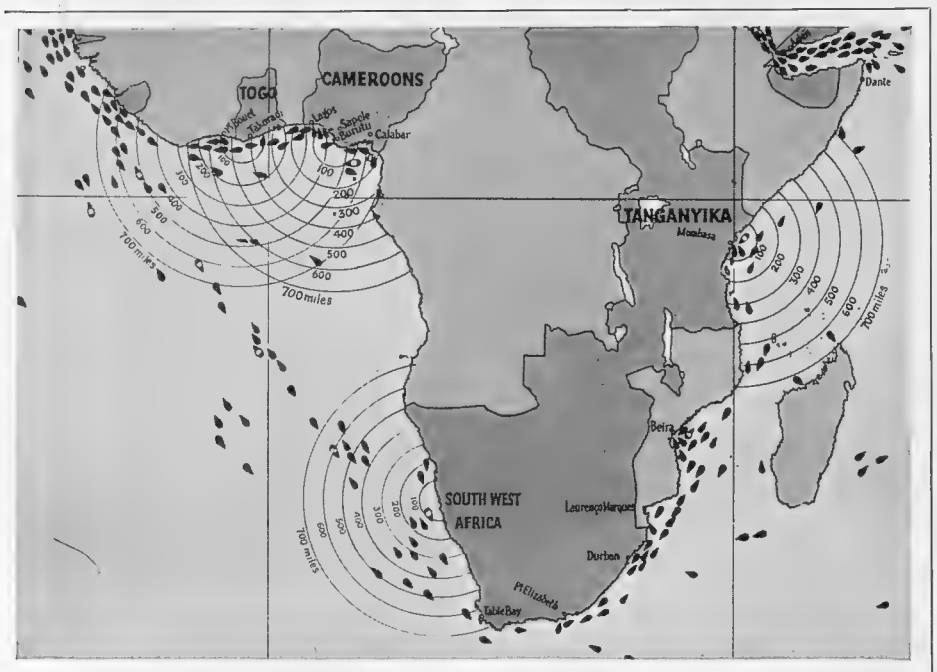
Besides tackling the administration of the Barabaig, the Government has also laid upon itself the task of promoting their economic development. To this end various works have been undertaken to improve the agricultural conditions of their district, and however much the Barabaig may resent the Government's interference in their life, they readily admit that it offers a benign protection to their dearest interests.

LIFE ALONG THE GOLD COAST

A Series of Pictures Taken by the Colony's Governor

GOLDEN SANDS BY A TROPIC SEA: Porters travelling along the beach near Sekondi in the Gold Coast colony. They are well-built men, being able to carry heavy burdens, and are of the utmost use when journeying through the bush. This picture, together with the others on this page, has been taken by Sir Arnold Hodson, Governor and C.-in-C. of the Gold Coast

A LAND OF CONTRASTS: Two more pictures by Sir Arnold Hodson, the Governor of the Gold Coast. *Left*—A chieftain holding an indaba beneath ceremonial umbrellas at Winneba in the Central Province. *Right*—Taking tea on the lawns of Accra Racing Club where notabilities from all parts of the colony forgather



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHESSBOARD: This sketch map shows the positions of the former German colonies in the southern half of Africa. Upon it has been placed the distribution of British ships of 3,000 tons and upwards on a given day of the year, as recently given in a world chart published by H.M. Stationery Office, which shows the total distribution of British ships with co-related information. It will be seen here, diagrammatically, how these areas of possible military action might affect British shipping

The Strategic Situation of the ex-German Colonies:

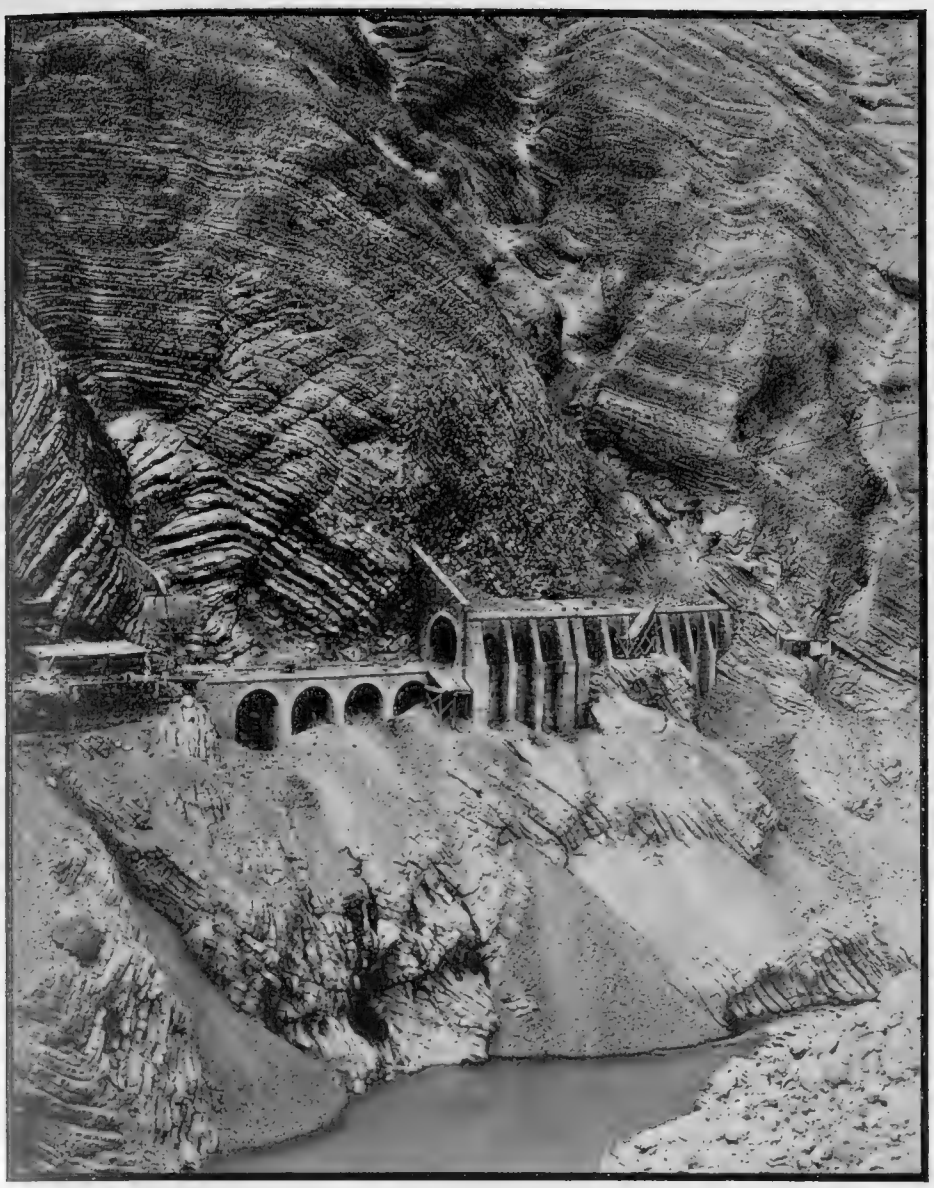
The above map of the southern half of the African continent very clearly shows how advantageous from a strategic point of view is the situation of the ex-German colonies, and there is no doubt that if those colonies were returned, so that military and naval bases could be established there, British trade routes might be very seriously menaced. In "The Sphere" of November 26, 1938, Vice-Admiral C. V. Usborne wrote an article on the subject, in the course of which he made the following particularly pertinent remarks: "Previous to 1914 Germany did not fully develop her colonies to support her war on shipping, but can anyone doubt that she will do so now if given the opportunity. Our Cape trade route, so important now that the Mediterranean is endangered by aircraft, is within 600 miles of Togoland and 300 of Walvis Bay in South-west Africa, while from Togoland to the focal point of the even more important Argentine meat trade is under 2,000 miles. In the Atlantic, with German defended ports in Togoland, the Cameroons, and South-west Africa, or even at only one of those places, the operations against trade of a mixed squadron of Scharnhörsts and Deutschlands would be most difficult to deal with. It would be the same in the Indian Ocean with a port in Tanganyika. There is, of course, the question of docking, but even if Germany had not built a dock at Walvis Bay, it would only involve an annual visit to Germany.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ACCRA: It is known as Christianborg Castle and, as its name suggests, was built by the Danes. It occupies the site of a fort set up by the Portuguese pioneers, and was at one time an important centre for the export of gold and slaves

BUILDING THE NEW ROAD FROM TAKORADI TO TARKWA: Coloured folk at work on a new highway linking the port of Takoradi with the gold-mining town of Tarkwa in the Western Province of the Gold Coast colony. The highway proceeds through thick jungle

IRAN'S WONDER RAILROAD

The Mighty Engineering Feat of Linking the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea

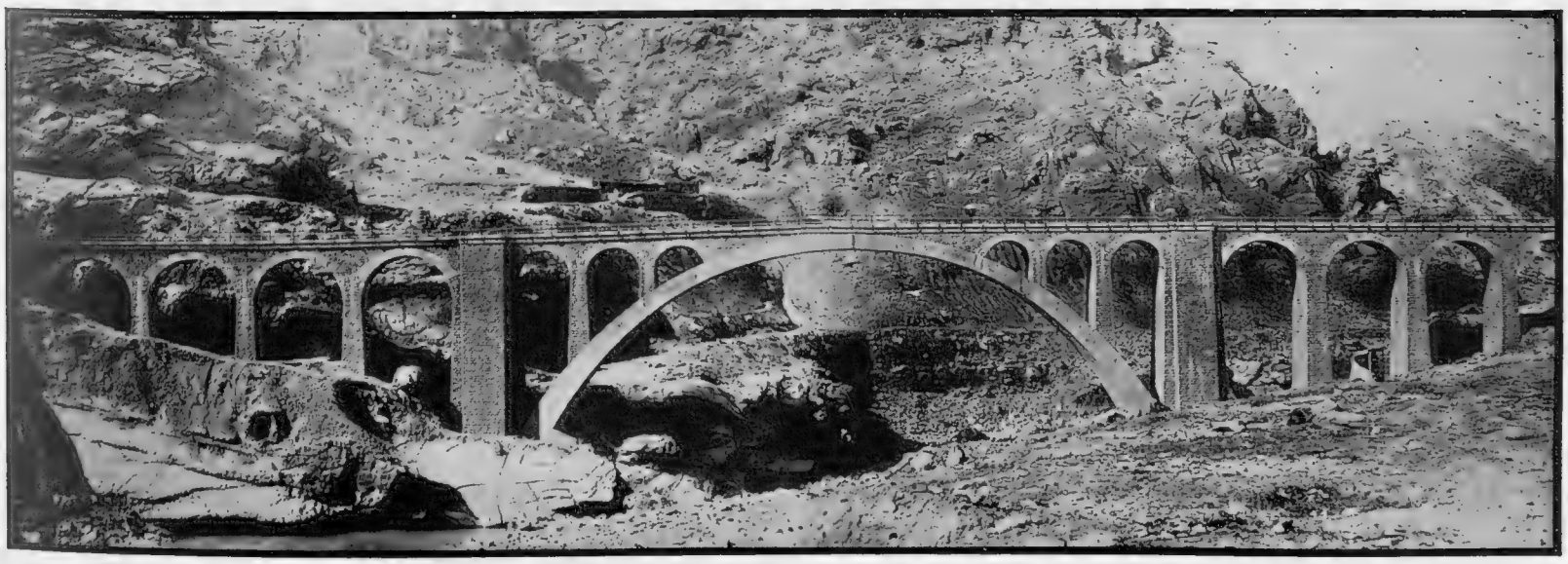


SCENE OF A GREAT ENGINEERING CONQUEST: A section of the new Trans-Iranian Railway which links the Persian Gulf with the Caspian Sea and has only lately been completed at a cost of £30,000,000. As witness this picture of a viaduct in the midst of a steep gorge, the line runs through country of quite exceptional difficulty. Geologically the picture is one of special interest by reason of the pronounced reaction of the sedimentary strata to pressure

THE LINE CORKSCREWS UP A MOUNTAIN SIDE: A picture revealing the remarkable natural difficulties that have had to be overcome by the engineers in the construction of the Trans-Iranian Railway which has taken seven years to finish, the chief obstacles being encountered in the mountains of Luristan in the south and the Elburz Range in the north. At one point, indeed, the track rises to over 7,000 ft. above sea level, while in several other places almost equally great altitudes have to be scaled. The railway starts at Bandar Shah on the Caspian Sea, runs through Teheran, the Iranian capital, and has its Persian Gulf terminus at the port of Bandar Shapur. The total distance covered is 866 miles

LINE UPON LINE: Another view of the point where the railway winds up a mountain side in corkscrew fashion. Tunnels, widely spanned bridges, and viaducts have had to be constructed along the greater part of the route, and this has added immensely to the cost. The necessary £30,000,000 is being met from the resources of the country, without any outside loan

TEHERAN STATION: An imposing concrete structure in the modern manner greets the railway traveller on arrival in the Iranian capital. The railway, it will be noted, avoids connection with the four adjacent railway systems of Iraq, Turkey, Russia, and India



SPANNING A ROCKY GORGE: A graceful stone bridge on the Trans-Iranian Railway. A picture taken during the dry season when practically no water was passing beneath the arches. It is a fascinating journey from sea to sea along this new route, which, through the spectacular nature of the scenery, ranks in the realm of train travel with the crossing of the Rockies in Canada, the Sierra Nevada in the U.S.A., or the Hex River Mountains en route from Cape Town to the north

THE NEUTRALS ARM:

Scandinavia Believes there will be Peace, but None the Less Takes Precautions

In this third and last article of his short series discussing current conditions in Baltic Europe, H. J. Greenwall, writing from Stockholm, deals particularly with Sweden and Norway which, with the other Scandinavian lands, have been so much in the limelight of late as a consequence of their firm but polite attitude to Germany's offer of a non-aggression pact. These countries, it is evident, are determined that if another war comes they shall once again remain outside the conflict.

THIS city known as "The Venice of the North" is the capital of a country which has the largest population among all the Baltic countries. Some 6,182,446 people live in an area of 173,035 sq. miles. One quarter of Sweden is still virgin forest. Sweden is rich in iron ore; it has many other minerals. It has a highly developed dairy and agricultural industry. A big timber trade is done from Sweden, and the country is world-renowned for its highly developed electrical industry.

The
BALTIC SCENE—III
By
H. J. GREENWALL

Norway is next door. That country is not much smaller than Sweden; there are 124,964 sq. miles; but the widely scattered population is rather less than half that of Sweden.

East of Sweden, from which it is partly separated by the Gulf of Bothnia, a backwater of the Baltic, is Finland. Finland is larger than Norway but not quite as large as Sweden. Finland possesses 149,586 sq. miles and has a population of nearly 3,750,000. Finland stretches from the Baltic to the Spitsbergen Sea. A spur of Finland juts right across northern Sweden where it touches the Norwegian frontier.

Finland is the bridge which joins the new Baltic countries with the old. Twenty-one years ago, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Finland broke away from Russia. Finland then moved entirely within the orbit of the new Baltic countries; but latterly Finland has moved away from the three Baltic states tucked away in the south-eastern corner of that sea. Finland is now operating with Sweden, Norway and Denmark. Two months ago there was a meeting of the Scandinavian Foreign Ministers, and for the first time this meeting took place at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. Mr. Sandler, Swedish Foreign Minister, learned Finnish especially to attend this meeting and be able to speak to his opposite number in Helsingfors in his own language.

Sweden is the richest and the most important of all the Baltic countries, and therefore takes the lead in foreign policy, but also, as the leading citizens of this city aver, is the most likely to attract unwelcome attention from the land of the swastika.

It has been pointed out to me that we in England should not misjudge the Swedes, or rather we should not judge them for the policy which Sweden followed throughout the world war. Between 1914 and 1918 many people believed that the neutrality of Sweden was too benevolent towards Germany. There has most undoubtedly been a change of feeling. All the Scandinavian newspapers are most excellent productions. They have correspondents in every European capital. Nevertheless, it was not the newspapers which changed Swedish opinion, it was Herr Hitler himself.

THE SCANDINAVIAN FOREIGN MINISTERS SEEK NEUTRALITY: Dr. Munch (seated, left), of Denmark; M. Sandler (seated, right), of Sweden; M. Erkko, (standing, left), of Finland; and M. Koht (standing, right), of Norway, seen at their recent conference in Stockholm

In all three of the oldest of the Baltic states: Denmark, Norway and Sweden, there has been of later years a swing towards the Left. All three countries have constitutional monarchies, but all three have governments which are Socialistic. Nevertheless, it is not a question of Socialism, but a question of the love of liberty which has caused public opinion in the Scandinavian countries, and more particularly in Sweden, to move over from a feeling of what perhaps may rightly be called benevolent neutrality towards Germany. I am not suggesting that Sweden has the slightest wish to play any part whatsoever in a European conflict. In Stockholm as in Oslo, just as in Helsingfors, as well as in the capitals of the three other Baltic states, there is a desire to remain neutral in any conflict; but at the same time, Sweden and Norway and Finland mean to protect their own territories.

Socialist Sweden has a very good-looking army and a small but well-trained navy. Fair-haired, fresh-complexioned soldiers in blue with silver facings move about the clean, well-kept streets. The Swedish army is not in campaign kit. Gulls scream across the harbour. Wild geese and wild duck are flying south. From the south, from the Riviera, comes a tall, frail-looking old man. He is King Gustav V. A well-beloved king in a Socialistic kingdom.

I wrote a moment ago that the change in Swedish opinion was brought about by Hitler himself. Various Hitler disciples have played their part too. In Stockholm they are still chuckling about a lecture given not so long ago by a German general named Hans Hofer. The general was tactless enough to tell his audience, and was reported in the Swedish newspapers, that the country was not sufficiently populated, and that Sweden provided a "vital living space" for several millions.

The Government of Sweden knows perfectly well that there are Nazi activities in the country. Nevertheless, despite much money spent, no Nazi party exists in Sweden to-day, unless it exists in some subterranean manner where its activities do no harm whatsoever. I believe I am correct in saying that there is no anti-German feeling in Sweden, but there is a very clearly defined anti-Fascist feeling. France was never very popular in the Scandinavian countries, except among the intellectuals. On the other hand, the popularity of Great Britain is as high as it ever was, and recent developments have most undoubtedly increased the prestige of our country.

AN ADDITION TO SWEDEN'S ROYAL FAMILY: Prince Charles Bernadotte (nephew of King Gustav V), Princess Charles (the former Countess Elsa von Rosen), and their baby daughter who has been given the names Astrid, after Prince Charles' sister, the late Queen of the Belgians, and Ingeborg, after her grandmother, the Duchess of Vestrogoth

All the Scandinavian countries, and among them we must now include Finland, are going about the business of arranging their defences. The Government of Sweden, which was in the van at Geneva among the countries desiring to push ahead with disarmament, has now changed its policy and is spending between £5,000,000 and £6,000,000 in storing up coal and petrol and other raw materials. The Government of Stockholm and the Government of Helsingfors have reached complete agreement concerning the fortifying of the Aland Islands which are at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia. Berlin has frowned and it is understood has even protested in both Scandinavian capitals against the fortification of these important islands, but Scandinavia has just gone calmly ahead.

NORWAY'S GREAT NEW UNIVERSITY: One of the modern buildings constituting the educational centre near Oslo

In Sweden and Norway and Finland, German agents are just as active as they are in the countries on the southern shores of the Baltic. I am told that a list has been compiled of all firms in Norway, Sweden and Denmark which have Jewish employees.

The question of Swedish iron ore may play a very important part in the event of a European war. If Germany could assure herself of the safe transport across the Baltic of this iron ore she would be able to prolong her struggle. On the other hand, Sweden has a very fine peace-time industry or rather industries. There is, for instance, her paper industry and her exportation of various minerals, electrical machinery, razor blades, and other articles. When Europe is peaceful, Sweden and Norway as well are prosperous. A war in Europe, even if Sweden could stay outside of the conflict, would mean the paralysing of her industries, apart from any exports of iron ore which she might possibly encourage. It is true, as they say in Stockholm, there is a great difference between selling one's products where one wishes, and being forced to sell them, or even being invaded and having one's products seized.

In order to maintain her liberty of action, Sweden has doubled her armaments budget.

The Baltic scene is a picture which must be represented as in the shadows. There are shadows cast by a mailed fist. In no Baltic state whatever is there panic; that much must be made perfectly clear. I would not say there is no fear, because there is, yet in this great haven of peace—a large sea bounded by sandy shores and sunny spots where the citizens of the Baltic countries love to relax—there is still hope of future peace.

CANADA'S WELCOMING CITIES: Montreal and Toronto Receive Royal Visits at the Start of the Tour

A GREAT COMMERCIAL METROPOLIS: An aerial view of Montreal, where it was arranged that the King and Queen should spend ten hours on the second day of their Royal visit to Canada, many notable citizens being presented to them, including no fewer than five Canadian V.C.s. Montreal is the largest city in the Dominion, having a population of over 1,000,000, and, although it is 620 miles from the sea, it is one of the premier ports of the world

TORONTO'S SKYSCRAPER SKYLINE: Just a few of the giant buildings in the down-town section of Canada's second city where, in accordance with the revised schedule of the Royal tour, the King and Queen will arrive in the middle of next week, spending a day on a round of official duties. After receiving an address of welcome at the City Hall, Their Majesties will meet members of the Legislative Assembly. The Queen will then present colours to the Toronto Scottish Regiment, afterwards joining the King for the lunch given by the Provincial Government. Later they will meet the Dionne quintuplets

CALCUTTA'S PRIDE: This giant banyan, believed to be the largest tree in the world, having a circumference at the crown of 1,251 ft. and a height of 90 ft., is in the Royal Botanical Gardens at Calcutta. A few years ago the tree was deemed to be dying, but by judicious pruning and grafting it has now been restored to complete health

FIGHTING the TREE FAMINE:

Past Over-consumption Has Created a Dearth of Timber in the World

IT was Queen Mary's remark, "I hate ivy," and her threat, which she has carried out before now, to cut through the roots of the growth herself with her secateurs, that set me inquiring about trees. And the first thing I learned was that Queen Mary was absolutely right. Thousands of trees in this country are being killed every year by the "perfidious parasite," and the "bane of prosperity" as experts described ivy.

Anyone severing the roots of the ivy encircling a tree is doing a good turn—but be sure to ask the owner's permission first.

The next thing that I learned was that the whole world is suddenly becoming tree-conscious. By this I mean not only for the innate beauty of them, but because of their vital value to a country, a point I shall deal with later. Their beauty has long been recognised by poets and artists. Vandals of the countryside might do worse than remember this notice, frequently seen in Portugal in woods and parks:—

To the Wayfarer.

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, hearken ere you harm me.

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade shielding you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the wood of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer, and harm me not.

A thousand other uses for trees might have been named. Charles II found a very good use for the noble oak.

There is, of course, not a country in the world that does not boast of at least one world famous tree. The tallest in the world is the Founder's Tree, in California, a redwood rising to a height of 364 ft. These Californian redwoods are some of them known to be 4,000 years old, and many of them are between 2,000 and 3,000 years of age, which puts Britain's trees rather in the shade.

I do not know the age of the great banyan tree at Adyar, in India, under whose leaves 3,000 people can sit in comfort, but that, too, must make one of our older trees, the yew tree at Tardebigge, in Worcestershire, seem a stripling. From this yew tree bows were made centuries past for the youths who by law had to practise their archery two hours a day.

But these are individual trees, worthy of the protection that they get, but for practical purposes no more worthy than the millions of trees which are being destroyed every year.

In 1927 the world's forestry experts met in America. It was found that unless something were done there would be a world famine of wood within forty years. Later it was worked out that America had consumed—assisted by fires—seven-eighths of her virgin forest!

Canada supplied deficiencies, until Canada was forced to call on Russia.

In Europe the position to-day is that Hungary is 28 per cent. forest, Germany, 25 per cent. (to which must now be added the 33 per cent. of Austria), France, 18 per cent., industrial Belgium, 18 per cent., and agricultural Holland and Denmark have 8 per cent. of forest. Norway with 50 per cent. and Sweden with 75 per cent. lead the Scandinavian countries.

How does Great Britain compare? A mere 5 per cent., well below any other European country. We import some £50,000,000 worth of woods a year, of which about a sixth comes from the Empire.

Despite the efforts of the Forestry Commission our trees are still disappearing, sometimes over large areas, sometimes over small. Farmers have to sell trees, indiscriminately sometimes, for money, and the merchant naturally takes his pick of the best. The others disappear to become posts or gates. Road-widening accounts for thousands a year and very few are planted to take their place. In this connection I discovered a fine example being set by Major-General Sir Charles Powell who grows young trees in his garden at Wickham, in Hampshire, and then works with the county road engineer to see that they are planted correctly along any new roads. It costs nothing and gives him pleasure. Others please copy.

The third reason why trees are disappearing so rapidly, quite apart from disease, wind or lightning, is the break up of the fine old country estates. Death duties make it impossible to hold the estates together. Tenants in farms sell off the wood, speculative builders acquire woodland by the acre and hack down the trees, and those remaining are uncared for because the estate's woodmen and skilled men have been dismissed.

And why are trees so invaluable to a country? First, and briefly, because of their intrinsic value. There is hardly anything which cannot be made out of or extracted from wood, as the German chemists have discovered. Discoveries are being made every month of synthetic materials extracted from wood. Why, this year a Panhard car was entered in the gruelling Monte Carlo rally from Amsterdam. Without any difficulty, running on charcoal gas extracted from wood, it completed the course. But that is only one of a hundred things, including clothing and even chocolate, that trees provide.

A second point is that trees and agriculture go hand in hand. Trees fertilise the soil, keep the earth moist by catching the rain, so much so that without trees land becomes a desert in no time. The soil becomes powder and blows away, incapable of being ploughed, incapable of holding seed. A mile a year is an average rate of tree-denuded land becoming desert.

MIGHTIEST OF THE CEDARS OF LEBANON: This is said to be the largest tree in the great forest from which King Hiram shipped timber for King Solomon's vast temple in Jerusalem

A WOULD-BE FORESTER: A young man pictured at an experimental training camp in Dorset while taking a course in forestry. As a result of his training he now holds a fine permanent post

There is a society called "The Men of the Trees" which has members in every country in the world—about 4,000 in Great Britain. Founded in 1924 by Mr. R. St. Barbe Baker, a middle-aged, brisk, practical idealist, its aims are the protection of trees, the planting of trees, and inculcating the love of trees. All work is voluntary.

It sounds a small thing, but listen to what has happened in America. Mr. St. Barbe Baker met President Roosevelt in America in 1932 and talked to him about trees. He suggested that the unemployed should be formed into voluntary camps; that the young men should be taught the art of forestry from A to Z. They should be paid a small wage, maintained, and should at the same time be educated, if necessary. He pointed out the saving in having organised trained men to deal with forest fires, to help in times of flood, to do drainage work. His figures helped to make up Mr. Roosevelt's mind.

In the spring of 1933 the Civilian Conservation Corps was founded with 250,000 enrollees for not only forestry work but to be able to do emergency rescue work, aid grazing, aid wild life, and fifty other similar things. After five years nearly 2,500,000 men had found employment and 2,000,000 young men had been educated and trained; 65,000 illiterates had been taught and trained and 400,000 had left the camps for private jobs as soon as employers found what men the C.C.C. turned out. Millions of acres of forest were saved and more millions of acres of land were put into cultivation.

In America, forest fires used to consume every year £67,500,000 worth of timber. Now it is only a quarter of that. President Roosevelt I might add is now an enthusiastic member of the "Men of the Trees."

Recently the 1922 Committee of the House of Commons heard these facts and sat up and took notice. There were ninety members present to hear how a similar scheme could be applied to England. They heard of the cost, £2,000,000 a year for five years, as the numbers were increased 20,000 at a time until the 100,000 was reached. Health and good fellowship would go side by side with the practical work done, it was claimed.

Such a scheme has been tried experimentally in Dorset. Young men of all classes worked side by side, learning to fell trees, to lop them, to live with them, and to know them. It proved a great success. Within a short time these youths became healthy and proficient, so much so that almost all of them have now obtained excellent jobs. The Government have the figures for such a training-camp scheme on a big scale in their files, available for use when time and inclination permit. May the time and inclination come soon.

Noel Thompson

MEN OF THE TREES: At this camp amid the woods, members of the Civilian Conservation Corps—a comparatively newly-formed organisation in the United States—are taught the art of forestry, how to aid wild life, how to do emergency rescue work and a host of other things of vital importance to their country. As a result of the work of the C.C.C. countless acres of forest in North America have been saved from fire

A ZOFFANY FOR THE NATION

The Full-length Portrait of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive, Which Has Just Been Acquired by the National Gallery

It is only of recent years that Zoffany's work has begun to command the prices it deserves in the sale rooms, while he has up to now been insufficiently represented in the National Gallery. Through the help of an anonymous donor, however, the deficiency in the National Gallery is in part repaired by the purchase of this fine portrait of Mrs. Oswald of Auchincruive, the daughter of Alexander Ramsay, of Jamaica, and the wife of Richard Oswald, who bought the estate of Auchincruive, near Ayr, in the 1750's. Life-size portraits by Zoffany are rare, and this is a particularly worthy example of his technical ability and his skill in depicting character. The dress is of taffeta, a French blue colour, repeated in a bow in the headdress. The coat is black; the hat, a pale straw colour

VANISHING LONDON

The Demolition of a City Church—The Alterations Near Hanover Square

(Depicted by Dennis Flanders)

THE demolition of a Wren City church may be a matter for regret, but it is certainly no cause for surprise. With the spread of London and the rise of vast new suburbs, the City churches have suffered ever dwindling congregations, while, on the other hand, some of the suburbs themselves have no places of worship at all.

In view of the fact that its foundations are insecure, it was lately decided that the church of All Hallows, Lombard Street, should be demolished, and the parish has accordingly been merged with that of St. Edmund, King and Martyr. The plan of demolition was at first very strenuously opposed by the London Society and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, the case being fought out in Privy Council.

(Continued below on left

A WEALTH OF RICH WOODWORK was the chief glory of the church of All Hallows, Lombard Street, which is now being demolished because its foundations have been undermined. The woodwork is, of course, being preserved and will eventually adorn a new church planned for one of London's fast-growing outer suburbs. The carved pulpit and choir stalls are wonderfully elaborate, belonging essentially to the days when the wealthy goldsmith-bankers patronised this City church

The elaborate interior woodwork of All Hallows has already been removed and stored and it will eventually find its way to a new church in the suburbs. Meanwhile an extension of Barclays Bank will arise on part of the site, while the other part, consisting of about 2,000 sq. ft., is to remain an open space, having been presented to the City by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The following historical and descriptive note on All Hallows has been written for THE SPHERE by Dennis Flanders, who executed the drawings on this page. The church, which was built by Wren and where John Wesley once preached, is rectangular and inside is very plain. But the woodwork is abundant and one of the wonders of the City. The furniture is strikingly arranged. The pews are low. Towards the front they are higher and decorated with fine foliage carvings. The choir stalls are higher

(Continued below on right)

On right—

ALL HALLOWS PARISH ROOM is not meeting with quite the same unhappy fate as the church, but it is none the less scheduled for extensive rebuilding and alteration. The room itself is of comparatively modern date, but the fine woodwork comes from the old church of St. Dionis which was demolished in 1878. One of the room's present uses is as a lunch place for City workers

still and are also richly decorated. Then come the pulpit and sound-board, lavishly adorned and making a splendid dark mass against the vast floodlit altar-piece which, without doubt, is one of the loveliest things in the City.

It has to be remembered that Lombard Street was once the home of the great and wealthy goldsmith-bankers, and this was their church. So the carpenters and craftsmen exercised their imagination to the full and lavished their greatest skill on this grand piece of work. Among the decorations are the seven golden apocalyptic candlesticks representing the seven holy churches of Asia, pillars festooned with corn and vines, fruit and flowers; the whole like a splendid harvest thanksgiving.

All this, together with the rich organ case and the wrought-iron sword and mace holders, makes a fine composition.

The tower has a splendid peal of bells. In the porch is placed the old gateway that stood in Lombard Street on the site of what is now the head office of Barclays Bank. It is carved fantastically into skulls and cross-bones.

On left—

CHANGES IN MAYFAIR: An impression of the east side of George Street, Hanover Square, showing how building alterations are affecting the scene. The gradual disappearance of the houses with iron balconies is a matter for keen regret

The PRINCESSES MEET *the* PANDA: A Three-Hour Visit to London Zoo

MING THE PANDA AND REX THE ALSATIAN played hide-and-seek in the children's section of London Zoo when Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret paid a visit there last week

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES: London Zoo-goers inevitably have their favourites, and at the moment the baby Giant Panda is easily the most popular inhabitant of the gardens, attracting hosts of spectators when she makes her daily bow in the lion's cage which has been placed at her disposal. It is said that since her arrival in London Zoo takings have soared to new high levels. Ming has a veritable repertoire of tricks, including standing on her head and lying on her back to drink milk, and she thoroughly enjoys the applause. Her favourite diet consists of young bamboo shoots. She is a complete vegetarian

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WOMEN PREPARED: Their Work for National Service

FIRST STEPS TO EFFICIENCY: New recruits to the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service drilling at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, where a school of instruction for women officers has been started. A.T.S. recruiting is making great strides

A.T.S.

Women members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service engaged in "unditching" exercises when they recently visited Camberley and worked in conjunction with the London Rifle Brigade

N.W.A.R.

A WOMAN DISPATCH RIDER receives a message from her company commander to take to the commander of another unit. A picture taken during a recent London rally of the A.T.S. when the mechanical transport section showed its paces

Girls of the National Women's Air Reserve, smartly clad in white overalls of becoming cut, carrying their banner aloft as they took part in a National Service rally at Marylands Aerodrome, Romford

A.F.S.

Women of the Eltham branch of the Auxiliary Fire Service of the London Fire Brigade listening to a lecture at their headquarters. Message running, driving, and station patrol are among their duties

A.R.P. AT ETON: Piling earth round an air raid shelter being completed outside one of the college houses. *Below on left*—Tophatted Etonians leaving a shelter after a tour of inspection

CIVIC LEADERSHIP: The Mayor of Stepney (centre), Councillor J. J. Johnson, is taking an air raid warden's course as an example to the borough. An instructor is explaining the gas mask

THE NEW AIR-RAID HELMETS were on view at Marylands Aerodrome, Romford, when they were worn by special constables at a monster National Service rally

MORE A.R. PICTURES

News from the Home Defence Fronts

A.R.P. ON THE L.M.S.: Porters and clerks gathered at their posts during air-raid drill which was carried out recently at Euston. There is considerable accommodation in the basements at the station

EIRE'S DEFENCES:

England's Backdoor which has to be Bolted and Barred if We are to Enjoy Security

"WE will not allow this country to be made the base for an attack on Britain," declared Mr. de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire, on the occasion of the taking over of the defences of the Irish ports from Great Britain early last autumn. When the September crisis burst like a bombshell on the European horizon a month or so later, Mr. de Valera got the fright of his life. He then came face to face with the fact that if war broke out he was not in a position to make good his boast. Eire was wide open to any country that thought it strategically important to attack her and it was quite obvious that Britain, if she did not wish to leave the back door of her defences open to an enemy would have, for her own sake, to re-occupy and garrison the country even if she had to do so at the point of the sword.

At that time, when Mr. de Valera looked to his defences he found that his experts had drawn up plans to prevent invasion, but that his Department of Finance had neglected to provide either the men or the materials to put these plans into operation. The army was far from full strength and its major reserve force—the volunteer force—of which Mr. de Valera himself was the founder, was little short of a farce. While the men of the regular army are probably the best trained and disciplined in the world, the men who comprise the volunteer force are ill-trained and ill-disciplined. Scarcely 50 per cent. of them turned up to do their annual training last year, and this despite the fact that they were the pets of Mr. Frank Aiken, the Minister for Defence, and that every inducement was held out to them to make soldiers of them. Both forces were officered by men who knew their work well but they were handicapped by lack of modern arms and equipment and training in the use of modern weapons.

The military exercises of last year showed the full effects of the parsimonious treatment meted out to the army by every government since the foundation of the state. The soldiers were using Lee-Enfield rifles issued to the British garrison in Ireland in 1913 and 1914, and the artillery in use was the old 18-pdr. guns taken over from the British when they left and later used in the Irish civil war. Even the blankets and ground-sheets used were issued to the British garrisons in Ireland before the beginning of the present century. Many of the armoured cars used were taken over from the British on their evacuation, and with the addition of some "whippets" purchased from Norway and light and speedy tanks purchased from Sweden comprised almost the entire armoured mechanisation of the forces.

Only in the air was an attempt made to keep abreast of the times, and this was done by the purchase of one each of the most modern types of bombers and pursuit planes. In this way the small air corps at Baldonnel was kept in training in the latest methods but here again the handicap was the lack of machines. The officers and men were well trained in the use of the latest type of machines but if an invading force came over, the Irish Air Corps would have to remain on the ground for they had nothing but the training machines to go up in. Even in the forts lately handed over by the British at that time the guns were out of date, and one of the conditions under which Mr. de Valera got them was that he would bring them up to date.

This was the sorry position in which the Eire Government found themselves when war loomed over Europe. Despite all their protestations of neutrality they knew that they could not hope to keep out of war owing to Ireland's strategically important position off the British coast. The only way to prevent invasion by one side or the other was to rearm, and rearm quickly. Mr. Frank Aiken, Mr. de Valera's Minister for Defence, made this attitude clear in the Dail on the vote for his Department when he said "the Government want neutrality but we are not such fools as to think we can have it merely by wishing for it. We would not come through a war unscathed unless we had such forces as would make other countries hesitate to attack us."

With the object of providing such forces as referred to by the Minister, the Government intend to spend this year a total of about £5,500,000 on defence. Most of this is being spent on aircraft, anti-aircraft and heavy artillery for coastal defences with a not inconsiderable sum for mechanised armament. Critics of the Government's defence policy, and they are not few, declare that too much money is being spent on artillery and ground armaments and not sufficient on aircraft and anti-aircraft. The Government's reply to this is that it would be impossible to prevent attack from the air. They envisage having a well-equipped force sufficient to prevent any invading party being left in the country by an enemy. They hope to put into the field something like 30,000 men, well armed and equipped.

For weeks past the Government have been carrying on an intensive recruiting campaign for the volunteer force. To make it more attractive the period of annual training has been shortened, but on the other hand volunteers have not now the option of resigning at seven days' notice. They must serve for a minimum period of five years. So far the campaign to obtain more men has not met with much success and it is said that numbers of the volunteer force who enlisted under the old conditions have declined to re-attest under the new. Should the effort to build up a strong voluntary force be unavailing, the Government are said to be considering measures of compulsory service.

Very little progress has been made with air raid precaution schemes in Eire. Many local authorities refuse to spend money on schemes that have been put up to them, and express disbelief that there is danger. Certain steps have been taken in Dublin where the corporation has set up a special department to deal with the matter.

E. B. Murphy

John Topham

SIDESTEPPING THE BUSHES AND DODGING THE APPLE BOUGHS is a task for an experienced man and his horse during tilling among the gooseberries on this fruit farm near Farningham, Kent. It is confidently expected that autumn 1939 will prove a fine season for fruit, and farmers all over the country are declaring that they have seldom before seen such a wealth of blossom. The apple trees present a particularly gorgeous spectacle at the moment

Douglas Went

THE SUFFOLK SCENE: A springtime record from Kersey, where the cherry blossom has been especially fine this year

IN RURAL ENGLAND

THE SMOULDERING FIRES OF THE TUTOR'S CUNNING TYRANNY over the French household begin to break into flame when a healthy young Englishman, Harry Fanning, comes to stay at the chateau to gain a better knowledge of French. Eric Portman as the Tutor, Mary Hinton as Madame de Barthas, Peter Coke as Harry Fanning, and Marian Spencer as the Governess in *The Intruder* at Wyndham's

THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S CHIVALROUS ATTENTIONS awake a ready response in the heart of the widowed Marcelle de Barthas. Peter Coke and Mary Hinton in another scene from *The Intruder* at Wyndham's. Miss Hinton's polished acting is a positive delight

THE EVIL GENIUS IN THE HOUSEHOLD: Blaise Lebel (Eric Portman), the sinister tutor, reasons with Emmanuele (Jill Furse), the daughter of the house, in an attempt to divert her attention from the "intruding" Englishman, who has so upset his plans. Mr. Portman gives a masterly portrayal of Lebel; the man who exercises a petty tyrannical power in the guise of a serviceable friend

On
STAGE and SCREEN
Reviewed By
PHILIP PAGE

INQUEST is a somewhat risky name for a play, since it might be the critic's lot to have to hold one on it all too soon. What will happen to this play before these words are being eagerly swallowed by an expectant world I would not care to say; the Duke of York's Theatre has been rather out of luck recently. But I hope, and think, that in this case an inquest is being held on something which is very much alive.

If a full-length play is devoted to an inquest in a village school-room, with, except for a short prologue, nothing but that inquest for its scene, it must follow that some crime has been committed and it is 100 to 1 that that crime is murder. It is doubtful whether three acts could be devoted to a man being run over by a motor-bus. Now I am so sick of murder plays that, frankly, I become stiff with prejudice and approaching boredom the moment it is revealed that murder is, or has been, afoot. I see about 300 plays a year and although I have made no record as to the percentage of those concerned with murder, it is assuredly a pretty high one.

It has to be a thundering good play, therefore, to make me care a damn who was murdered by whom or why or when or where. Crime and adultery, or both, must inevitably form the basis, I suppose, of the majority of plays which are not frothy farces or musical comedies. And why, by the way, has no one ever ventured on a musical comedy in which the heroine as well as the music is murdered? So many circumstances can be recalled in which this would have been a boon and would, possibly, have turned failure into success.

Inquest shows the widow of the dead man putting up in the witness box so suspicious a performance, every flicker of her eyelid and every confused and contradictory answer proclaiming guilt, that I realised at once that she was no more guilty of murder than the girl who sold (or, rather, gave) me my programme. Miss Antoinette Cellier was condemned by the author to behave in this fashion, but she was inclined to underline his intentions. She was rather too bad-tempered. I grant that the position in which that widow found herself did not make for good temper, with a highly unjudicial as well as injudicious coroner dead against her and with her nerves on edge. But Miss Cellier might have varied her distress and displayed occasionally a different type of scowl.

Of course she was shielding someone, and a preposterously complicated explanation in the last act was the only part I did not find in the least interesting. What makes the thing as a whole alive and real is not the detective work of the famous K.C. who came down from London—without fee, it seems—to extricate Miss Cellier from her predicament; he was roundly abused for his pains by Miss Cellier who here reminded me of Alexander Woollcott's description of Mrs. Patrick Campbell among her Hollywood admirers—that she was "like a sinking ship firing on her rescuers."

The real rescuer of *Inquest* was the coroner himself, Mr. Herbert Lomas. The part is written with skill but it is the acting that really makes it, and the play too. Mr. Lomas gets plenty of laughs, but he does not, as they say, "play for" laughs. This is a portrait of a characteristic country gentleman dressed in a little brief authority—coroner, J.P., or what not. Rather stupid but by no means wholly a fool, prejudiced but not unkindly *au fond*, pompous and conceited but wilting comically before a keener intellect when the case becomes too difficult for him to grasp, as it did when the famous K.C. (Mr. Campbell Gullan) really got busy. There is no

RENUNCIATION: Marcelle and Emmanuele are both in love with the young English visitor, and with much heart-burning the mother consents to her daughter's engagement to him. Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in another episode from Francois Mauriac's fine play, *The Intruder*

PORTRAIT *of a* CORONER

Herbert Lomas Gives a Memorable Performance in "Inquest"

better performance anywhere in London just now than that of Mr. Lomas.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan could not find scope for much more than tense tearfulness as the person who really did know the Ghastly Truth, that Truth being of little importance to the play's entertainment value compared with its original flavour before any explanation became necessary.

"Bridge Head."—A play about Irish congested areas would, one might have thought, prove about as unexciting as a play about an attack of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Rutherford Mayne's programme note concerning his *Bridge Head* at the Westminster makes formidable reading. Here is a sample of it:—

"The tragic history of the Plantations is explicit from the character and situation of the land on which these small-holders earn their livelihood. These congested areas are to be found fringing the western seaboard, the bog and moorland plains of Mayo and Galway, and the lower slopes of the mountains of Connemara, Kerry and Donegal.

"Sometimes adjoining, but more often at a distance are the larger holdings . . . an odd still-existing demesne of one of the former landed gentry, or the wide pasture fields of the grazier tenant.

"The clan feeling of territory still exists, often in a narrow parochial form, and the advent of the congested migrant into a new holding in a strange district is rarely welcome to the local people.

"To deal justly with those who have to give up their land so necessary for relief of the congests, to allot this land equitably to the numberless applicants and to install the migrants in the teeth of what is often determined and strenuous opposition, is not an easy task."

Still less easy must be the task of making a play about it all. The setting is drab—a shabby sitting-room in a little hotel at Kilrea, in the remote west of Ireland. The clothes are drab. Of the only two women in the cast one has to be drab and middle-aged, and the other, Miss Ruth Lodge, though her appearance is the reverse of drab, has but little to get her pretty teeth into, since the love interest is subordinate to vanishing point.

Yet somehow the miracle has been worked and this is a play which holds the attention, amuses, and, at times, is singularly impressive. The cast abounds in what are known as Irish types (fairly unpleasant types, too, some of them). These are used not as theatrical puppets but are important entities in a picture of existence in difficult surroundings and circumstances, and they are enabled, such is Mr. Mayne's adroitness and sincerity—virtues widely different, but he has them both—to make that picture singularly vivid.

"Static" is, I find, an adjective much used just now in the case of plays in which there is but little dramatic action. And in that sense *Bridge Head* is static. But it is never stagnant. Mr. Wilfred Lawson's devotion to his work among these squabbling peasants and disgruntled land-owners and the fanaticism of his young assistant and successor, Mr. Stephen Murray, who toils desperately in order to drown his love agony, are the foundations. On them has been built scene after scene of the deepest interest, from tragic sorrow, sordid indignation and greed (made into rich comedy by Mr. Charles Victor's superb performance as farmer with a grievance) to subtle farce.

For it was a subtly farcical touch to introduce an intelligent young Japanese gathering, so far as I could judge, material for a book and struggling politely with insufficient English. Until I glanced at the programme I imagined that this welcome fun was being provided by a real Japanese. The benefactor was, however, Mr. Hwfa Pryse. I suppose, after all, it takes a Welshman to play a Japanese with any degree of conviction.

A TALE OF THE 1870's: June Lang makes a romantic figure in the Hal Roach picture *Elephants Never Forget* which has its charity premiere at the London Pavilion next Monday when the Duchess of Gloucester has promised to be present

LONDON'S NEW BALLET COMPANY: Bebe de Rowland and Travis Kemp in a graceful episode in Anna Duse's ballet on Grimm's story *The Frog Prince*, which was recently presented at the Cambridge Theatre by the new organisation sponsored by Madame Lydia Kyasht and known as the "Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise." Despite the comparative inexperience of some of the artistes the majority of them showed signs of talent of a high order. (*See* review on right)

A New Ballet Venture.—A few years ago it was discovered that Russians are not the only people in the world who are adept ballet dancers and that the English can dance, and dance extremely well—as all who visit Sadler's Wells regularly realise.

Since then there have been several movements to foster our English aptitude for dancing. The latest has just been launched, with, I think, every prospect of success, and it is so English that it calls itself *Ballet de la Jeunesse Anglaise*. Which reminds me that in the grill-room much frequented by the stage and its camp followers, I found on the menu the other night "L'Irish Stew."

This new venture looks like being pretty good and is something of a stew in that several nationalities go to make up its ingredients. The "onlie begetter" is Madame Lydia Kyasht, who was one of the loveliest women as well as one of the most exquisite dancers who ever appeared on the stage of the old Empire Theatre.

Mlle Sokolova, who used to be with Diaghileff, has arranged the choreography, and the attraction chosen to push off with was the well-known ballet, *Russki-Platsski*. So that's that-ski.

Covent Garden.—The opera season has now settled down and there were some packed houses last week. I have rarely seen Covent Garden so full as it was for *La Tosca*. Signor Gigli was singing for the first time this year, and he can always be relied upon to attract crowds and to evoke plenty of enthusiasm. Some of the latter, particularly in the cheaper parts of the house, was rather too effusive and included prolonged shouts for encores of various arias.

I do not pretend that Italian opera has not its personal and perhaps a little vulgar side, Italians themselves being for the most part interested in singers rather than in music. And opera is in itself a convention into which realism cannot possibly enter. But to break off in the middle of a serious and usually tragic scene and to bow and smile and sing an aria all over again is surely going too far.

Signor Gigli was in excellent voice, and the performance, conducted by Signor Gui, was a singularly smooth and luscious one.

NEW YORK *Sees the* GUARDS

MARCHING THROUGH MANHATTAN: The band of the Coldstream Guards made a brave show as it paraded along New York's streets before going to the World's Fair where it is playing at the British Pavilion

LONDON *Sees U.S.* DANCERS

DREAM WEDDING: Peter Weir, footman on the staff of the Duke of Connaught, and Stephanie Primao, attractive Yugoslavian maidservant in the Bayswater home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bain, leaving St. Mary of the Angels Church, W., after their marriage last week. Mr. F. W. Bain (right), her employer, led the bride up the aisle. He provided the wedding dress and the wedding breakfast

BREATHLESS SPEED AND GENTLE RHYTHMIC GRACE are revealed in these two studies of Ruth and Billy Ambrose who have come over from America to appear in the *Grosvenor Gambols*, the new Grosvenor House midnight revue

LACE LOOMS LARGE

in the Millinery World

IT is a long time since we have seen lace hats; and longer still since we have seen them trimmed with sentimental pink and blue taffeta ribbons. But Ascot will bring out a whole crop of them, for they are irresistible, particularly when the ribbons are laid under the lace and fall in streamers to the shoulders. Some are as large as cart-wheels, with minute crowns and flat brims, while some have high crowns and brims that dip over the eyes. Others are twisted into toques so tiny that only a veiled snood anchors them to the head.

Feathers are second favourites. As many as six different coloured ostrich tips are massed on small boat-shaped saucers, or alternatively, a quill that is at least twelve inches high will be thrust through the crown of a moderate-sized sailor.

Bonnets are very much in the news, and the newest of them are of the Marie Stuart variety, with the brims twisted under the chin and tied there with an enormous bow.

High-crowned sailors, high toques, and large Canotieres share equal popularity, and every woman masses veiling on her head with the utmost abandon. But it has to be very coarse. Wide-meshed as fishnet for choice. And quite often of wool. Fine veils, unless they are appliquéd or bordered with lace, are out of fashion.

LACE BORDERS AND GLOVES. *A charming lingerie dress of black georgette, the shoulders and sleeves frilled with Valenciennes lace, the skirt pleated, and the tiny waist encircled with a turquoise sash to match the buttons is worn with this coquettishly demure hat of black baku straw, the down-turned brim lace-bordered and inset with leaves, and the high narrow crown swathed with a lace-edged veil. Long black suede gloves with an intricate cut-out design complete the ensemble, for which Marshall and Snelgrove are responsible*

TRANSPARENT HALO

A high-fronted halo hat composed of fine black lace pleated across the front and tied with a velvet bow is a summer inspiration that is likely to enjoy a huge success. On the right, a dashing white felt hat, the high sloping crown braced at one side with petersham ribbons. Both of them come from Swan and Edgar

WAX AND PORCELAIN BROUGHT TO LIFE

Some Notable Acquisitions at the Victoria and Albert

PORCELAIN IN THE ROCOCO STYLE is finely exemplified by this charming figure depicting a lady in hunting costume. It dates from the middle years of the 18th century, and has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum

A RECORD OF THE 1830's: This wax model, showing a man watering a border of flowers, is also among the recent acquisitions of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The museum's collection of waxes has lately been growing with rapidity

TWO more waxes, of early nineteenth-century workmanship, have been added to the recently fast growing collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

One is a delightful portrait model of Caroline Gordon at the age of three, wearing a dainty little empire gown and closely-cut hair typical of the fashion of 130 years ago. There is a realistic charm in the way the little girl has been posed; the cat tucked under her arm is a particularly characteristic attitude of a small child.

This model was presented to the museum by the subject's daughter, Miss H. Gordon St. Aubyn, and the carpet on which the child is standing is still in the possession of the donor.

The other wax model, given by Mr. Eric Bullivant, shows a man dressed in the costume of the 1830's watering a border of flowers, which are growing in the name of "Bety." This amusing record of the sentimentality of the period is very finely executed: the accompanying photograph does not do it full justice.

A beautifully coloured figure depicting a lady in hunting costume is amongst an interesting collection of Viennese porcelain purchased by the museum. The little lady was probably made between 1744 and 1749 and by virtue of the highly individual modelling and exquisite clarity of colour she is undoubtedly one of the most attractive porcelain figures in the rococo style.

Her skirt is patterned in a clear bright yellow, and her coat and waistcoat a beautiful pale green and violet. The flared brevity of the coat is typical of the new fashions of 1745, but the treatment of her face has an almost startlingly modern effect: with her scarlet lips and lifted, pencilled eyebrows she registers a calm sophistication hardly compatible with her hunting-knife and gun.

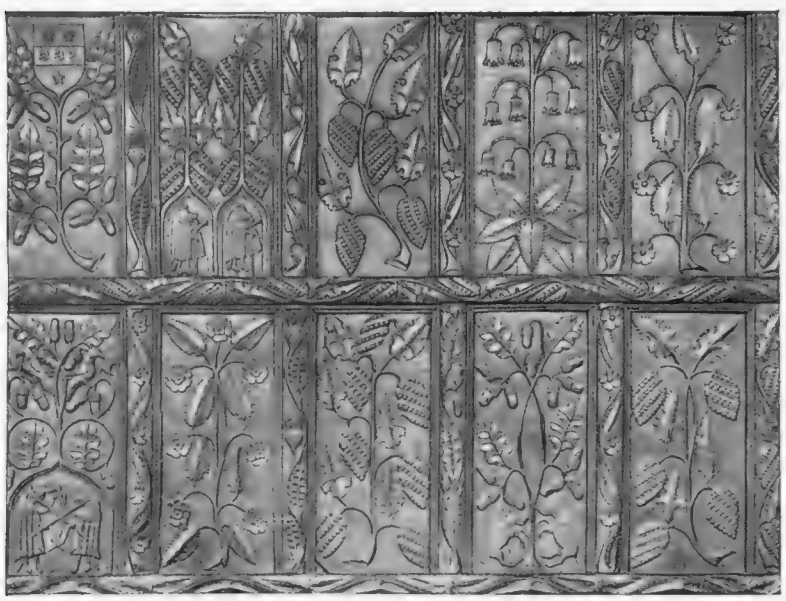
Another amusing and altogether fascinating acquisition is a musical toy which has been presented by Captain Bruce S. Ingram.

A gaily-dressed organ-grinder, complete with monkey, accompanies a troupe of little dancers with a somewhat plaintive air, beating time with his baton whilst the monkey jumps up and down.

The toy is of Swiss or German workmanship, probably of the mid-nineteenth century, though the costumes appear to be modelled on early seventeenth-century lines.

The tune is repeated for about 6 mins. and it is proposed to wind up the toy twice a day. I. B.

"PENNY SERENADE"! This delightful musical toy, in which the dancers and monkey move to the organ-grinder's baton, has just been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where visitors will be able to see it in action

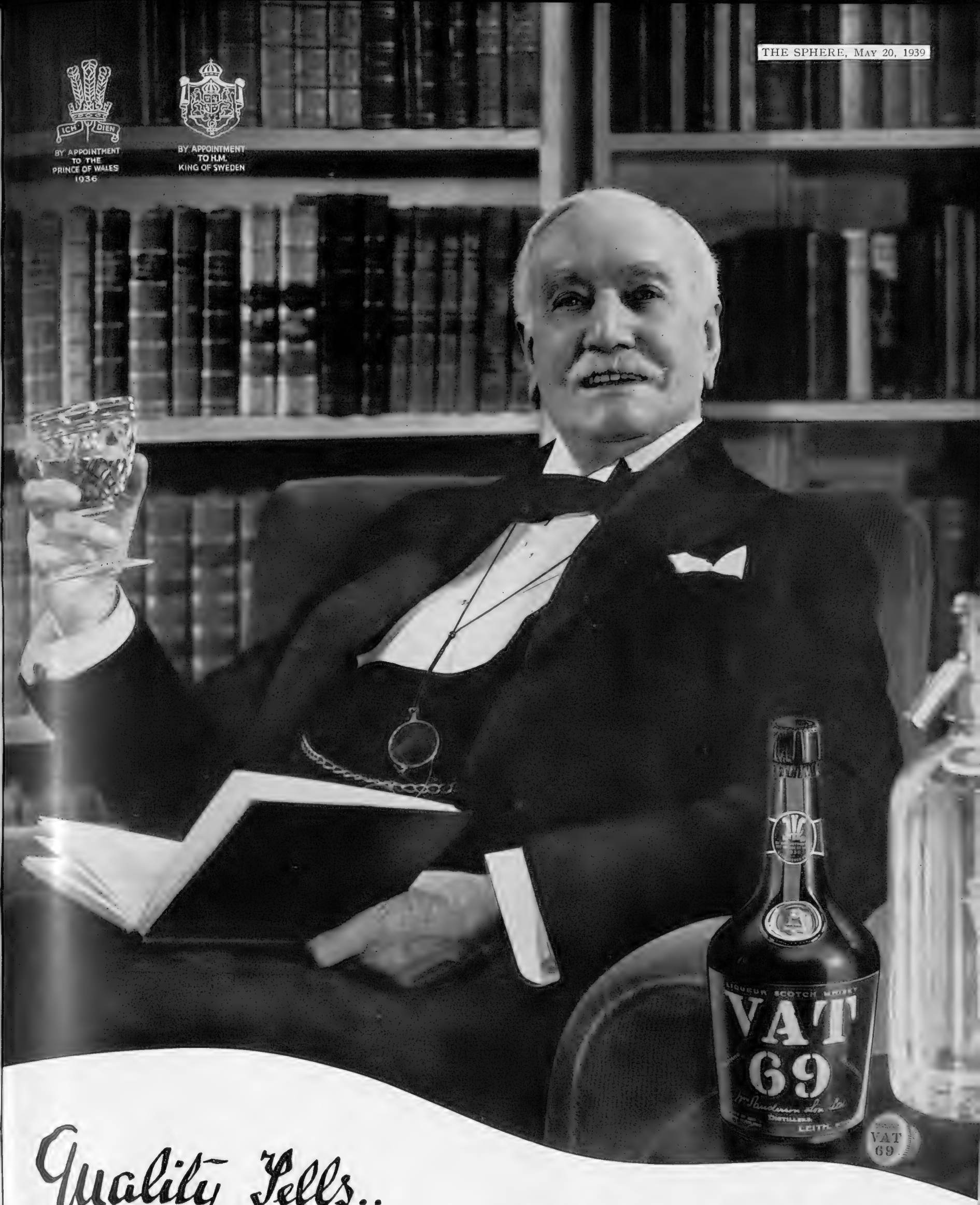


A NOTABLE ACQUISITION BY SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES is this outstanding example of the work of an early sixteenth-century wood carver. It has been purchased for the museum by the National Art-Collections Fund. It takes the form of eighteen carved oak panels set in two rows within a framework of carved and moulded muntins and rails. In style the work belongs to the late Gothic period, but in character it is wholly Scottish. It is probably the best example of its own kind left in the country

THE QUADRIGA VEILED IN WINTER MIST: A fine water-colour by Bridget Keir in the exhibition she is holding at the Walker Galleries and in which she devotes more than a third of her available space to the depiction of London in its traditional garments of fog and mist. A bold presentation of essentials and a ruthless elimination of all unnecessary detail is the distinguishing quality of Miss Keir's water-colour work. London is much in the art news at present, for the Royal Society of British Artists has made London sights and scenes the theme of its current exhibition

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE PRINCE OF WALES 1936

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING OF SWEDEN



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VAT 69

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Pretty Smock for baby girl in sky or pink shadow spot muslin, entirely hand-smocked. Sizes: 12 months to 2 years.

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Bonnet in fine straw with halo brim ... 18/9

This cotton Frock/Knickers is on white ground patterned with shaded cherry or blue design, and is entirely hand-smocked. Sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 ins. Size 16 ins. 35/6 Rising 3/- each size.

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Bonnet in straw trimmed cherry/blue ribbons 19/6

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"GANGWAY DOWN!" MAKES GOOD SEA FARE

Dave Marlowe Follows Up His Autobiography With a Commendable First Novel

MEET MONICA DICKENS, great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, who renounced Society in order to take a job as a servant and who now records her experiences in *One Pair of Hands* which has just been published by Michael Joseph

WHAT *Adam's Breed* did for the popular, or unpopular conception of waiters, Mr. Dave Marlowe's autobiography *Coming, Sir!* did for the reputations of stewards. The voracious reading public became steward-conscious overnight and Mr. Marlowe, I hope, found a best-seller on his hands.

It must always be difficult to follow such a biography with a novel, but that is a problem which most authors choose to face, and Mr. Marlowe gives us **GANGWAY DOWN!** (Harrap. 8s. 6d.) as runner-up and also, in some sort, as an amplification of his own life story. "That," he seems to say, "was what happened to me. Here is what might happen to a man in only slightly different circumstances."

The Johnnie of the new story is an orphan brought up by his grandmother in dockland. So far so good, but Johnnie is not an ordinary boy nor Ruby an ordinary grandmother. She is a convivial soul, though with her own ideas of what is fitting and she sends the child to an adequate private school, and afterwards to work in an office. Johnnie accepts the first but rebels against the second, and is soon found on a liner bound for New York.

There, though still in his 'teens, he is initiated into bootlegging and drifts from Manhattan to a small South American port where he is finally rescued by his cynical and altogether delightful friend, Deadloss, a really inspired name for a man who seldom sails on the same ship twice.

The story ends with a dockyard strike and Johnnie as a blackleg having a last-minute revulsion of feeling at the sight of Deadloss going down under the police baton charge. Good strong popular stuff, and Deadloss is a genuine creation, but we shall wait now for Mr. Marlowe's third publication which, in my opinion, will be a better novel than this with a fresher, if not a livelier, scene.

The WORLD OF BOOKS
By Vernon Fane

"A rose-red city, half as old as time. . . ."

That lovely line is all that most of us remember about a certain Newdigate poem, and all that most of us know of Petra, that amazing place whose buildings were hewn out of the stone cliffs of a narrow valley, half-way between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean.

It is a legendary place, and till recently as inaccessible as the haunts of legend should be. Now its number of visitors is increasing year by year, though I imagine it has not yet reached very formidable figures.

PETRA: THE ROCK CITY OF EDOM (Blackie. 10s. 6d.) is Dr. Margaret Murray's account of a journey there, during which she was so fired by its tragic and half-lost beauties that she decided, and I for one am grateful for her idea, to set down all that she found and all that she could subsequently discover about one of the strangest relics of a distant civilisation.

Petra flourished more than 2,000 years ago and fell gradually into decay under the Roman Empire. It was a great trade centre—you have only to study its position on the map to understand its importance to the caravan routes—and it knew some of the great Biblical figures. Balaam was once its king, Cain, Esau, and Miriam knew it as their own city.

The approach to Petra is dramatic in itself. A narrow cleft through a mountain of rock opens suddenly in an L-shaped valley from whose sheer rock sides temples, monuments and tombs have been carved from the stone itself. The photograph facing page 46 of the book gives perhaps the best idea of the sudden and magical effect that this must have on the traveller.

Petra has never been restored, though the broken columns lie in the sand where they fell hundreds of years ago, and little can have been changed or stolen since that day. It might be the objective of a new and inspired expedition if Dr. Murray's wish came true. In the meantime I have only two quarrels with her excellent and lucidly written book. Illusions die hard, and I neither want to be told that "the colour of the rocks of Petra is a dark brownish-red," or that when visiting Petra it is advisable to take "a good large hot-water bottle" for use at nights.

ASIAN JOURNEY: Audrey Harris is the author of *Eastern Visas*, a tale of her adventures in Siberia, China, Japan, Java, Bali, Malaya, India and Afghanistan. She is one of the few English travellers to have crossed the Oxus and she has contributed three articles to *The Times* on this particular phase of her wanderings. Messrs. Collins are the publishers

For the small, and, as they all feel, enlightened band of people who use miniature cameras, I must recommend **THE MINIATURE CAMERA IN PROFESSIONAL HANDS** (Studio Publications. 6s.), a clumsy title for a very deftly contrived little book of immense practical value.

It consists of a series of photographs by Mr. Remie Lohse, bound together like a small loose-leaf note-book, and captioned in each case with technical as well as general information. Mr. Lohse does a good deal of work for the advertisers, as he tells us, but the interest of this small album is not in the tips it may give to fellow publicity photographers but in the possibilities it reveals to any owner of one of those minute but exact little cameras. It seems there are few limits to what can be done with such an instrument.

Through modern Eyes . . .

IF furniture designers of the early Nineteenth Century could have drawn on the technical resources of this day, and rid themselves for the moment of the flamboyant spirit which at that time was just beginning to emerge, they would have designed a room something like this. Or if a modern genius, given free play for his imagination, were to see the early Nineteenth Century scene through modern eyes, such pieces as these would result. For this is one more of those delightful Harrods rooms executed in the new furnishing vogue—a vogue taking its inspiration from classic styles, its feeling for line and colour from the more restrained mood of to-day.

Be sure to see the Exhibition of Cottage Furniture now on view in Harrods Galleries—or write for fully illustrated Catalogue.

THE WRITING TABLE

YOU see it by the window, and very dainty it looks! Blonde Mahogany was chosen as a medium, because it emphasises so perfectly the crisp beauty of the thing—and allows slender lines to be combined with rigid strength. 3 ft. wide.

£13.17.6

THE 3-TIER TABLE

'CHARMING' is the first word for it—but the practical housewife will be quick to add '*and useful!*' Its painted iron framework is hand-wrought and the shelves are in plate-glass. Just an inch over 3 ft. wide.

£9.9.0

THE SUITE

WE cannot illustrate comfort, but we *can* say it has all-hair upholstery and luxurious feather-down cushions! Our photograph shows it in blue tapestry, but that is only one of several lovely colours from which you will choose. If you aim at a cosy room, for example, you will choose brown or rose; if at brightness, airiness, then saxe blue or green.

Settee - £14.10.6 Chair - £8.5.0

HARRODS GALLERIES

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HE LAUGHS AT BUDGETS: This midget car, with its 17-st. driver, was seen in the West End last week. Measuring less than 5 ft. in length, with a 2½-h.p. engine, this car will do 90 m.p.g. and seems to be the perfect answer to the new h.p. tax

THE PETROL WORLD

WILL THEY SHELVE THE HOUSE OF LORDS REPORT?

Why a Concerted Effort should Now be Made to Save It from an Untimely Fate

By A. PERCY BRADLEY
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

UNLESS a very great effort is made by the motoring community the report by the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Prevention of Road Accidents will be conveniently pigeon-holed. Amongst the motoring bodies the Order of the Road is perhaps doing more than the others to prevent this feared calamity taking place. The chairman of the Order, Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., has requested all the members of the Order of the Road to get a copy of the report and read it very carefully. I would like to see the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association issue a similar appeal to their members. In fact, any effort which has as its aim the placing of a copy of the report in the hands of every motorist would definitely assist in preventing the valuable document being obscured by dust.

Colonel Moore-Brabazon in his appeal to which I have referred takes us behind the scenes in order to tell us how the Select Committee happened to be appointed. It is all very amusing. Apparently, the Bishop of Winchester started a debate in the House of Lords on road accidents, and in the course of his remarks "called for papers," which I understand is an expression frequently used in the Upper House but actually means very little. Lord Newton, however, wanted to go further and requested that a Select Committee should be appointed. Before any such committee can be set up the Government has to give its consent, and in this particular instance they no doubt called in the high officials of the Ministry of Transport to ascertain if the setting up of such a body was likely to cause the Government or the Ministry any trouble.

I thoroughly agree with Colonel Moore-Brabazon when he suggests what must have passed through the minds of those in the Ministry of Transport when they gave their consent to the committee being formed. "Here was the great House of Lords who were, so to speak, judging by the widely advertised statements of noble lords, of an anti-motorist character, the sort of body who would produce a report that with all their weight and authority would tell the motorist what a blackguard he was, how disgracefully he behaved. It would confirm, in their opinion, the sort of attitude towards motorists started by Mr. Hore-Belisha to his eternal shame."

Anyway, the Ministry and the Government misjudged the House of Lords, for the Alness Report, as it is called, very clearly censured the Ministry of Transport, and of course that is one of the principal reasons why they will endeavour to put it in a pigeon-hole and forget all about it. If every motorist would read this report or perhaps the synopsis of it which has just been printed by the Order of the Road, and then ginger up the Member of Parliament in his locality it is possible that some of the recommendations in the report will be adopted.

I make no excuse for returning to the subject of the Guildford by-pass once more because it indicates in a practical way the complete lack of foresight displayed by the Ministry of Transport. One must assume that on a great national highway, such as the Portsmouth road, of which the Guildford by-pass is a part, the alterations made are carried out to the detailed instructions of the Ministry. I have reported that two or three of the many curves on the road have been super-elevated, but good as the intentions were it appears to me that the amount of banking provided is inadequate.

It looks as if the Ministry when they decided on the amount of super-elevation, considered that the average speed of cars negotiating the bends is between 30 and 40 m.p.h. On a modern by-pass such speeds must be considered perfectly ridiculous, and if the surveyors concerned imagine that no one is going to drive faster than 40 m.p.h. around the curves in question it would have been far wiser to have left them in an unbanked condition and save the money. Having completed the remodelling of three of these bends the army of workmen are now being concentrated on widening the straight stretch leading up to the Hogs Back on the northerly side and on widening a curve fairly close to Milford.

There are weird and wonderful looking machines to assist in laying the concrete, and all traffic has to be passed along a one-way lane. When the work is completed it looks as if the net result will be an additional width of about 20 ft., but as preparations have been made already to erect islands in the middle of the thoroughfare the net gain will be about 2½ ft. less. Has anyone ever seen money wasted more freely, for these so-called improvements will probably be quite inadequate even before they are completed. With all those men and their attendant paraphernalia, why not give us another 10 ft. in width which is available and put a dividing strip down the centre so as to create dual carriageways?

There are, I believe, regulations which prevent any "unit" on the road being more than a certain length or width but whoever was responsible for deciding the limit of length either was not a motorist or had miraculously escaped ever meeting one of those trains which draw transportable amusement parks from one part of the country to another. These usually consist of a colossal traction engine pulling at least three gigantic caravan-like vehicles. Trying to overtake one of these trains on most parts of our national highways means

(Continued on page 324)

Breaking the News!

THAT new records of popularity are being achieved by "BLACK & WHITE," the famous blend of aged Scotch whisky with an individuality all its own. The new generation are taking more and more to "BLACK & WHITE" because of its fine flavour and unvarying excellence of quality. Be sure to ask for it by name—

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"

C.J.L.(1)

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 322)

waiting perhaps a quarter of an hour until a suitable opportunity presents itself.

I met a stationary one the other day on a class B road and it took me ten minutes to get by and then that was only possible by the driver of the traction engine manœuvring backwards and forwards with his train and by my driving over a pavement. On another day I happened to meet one of these moving obstructions on the Guildford by-pass. It was crawling along at about 2 m.p.h. over the light-controlled single traffic "lane" to which I have referred. Strings of cars were held up in both directions and the situation took about fifteen minutes to clear up. I can scarcely think that such delays and inconveniences are in the interests of the general community. Here again the Ministry might do something really practical if it knew its job, for it would be a very simple matter to introduce a regulation that such trains must only move on the road between the hours of twelve midnight and 5 or 6 a.m.

No doubt from now onwards, unless international political tension increases we shall have thousands of motorists taking their cars abroad for holiday purposes. Continental roads usually permit drivers to speed along faster than they can in this country. Surfaces sometimes are not up to British standards and so the wear and tear on cars can sometimes be serious.

To help owners of Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot cars who propose going abroad for a motoring holiday this year the manufacturers have evolved a very sound, helpful scheme. The distributor and dealer organisation of the companies manufacturing the cars I have mentioned will be pleased to supply a kit of spare parts, selected by experience, which are most likely to be required in the case of a minor breakdown. These kits contain spares to the approximate value of £5 and are suitably boxed so as to make them easily carried on the car. Each part is wrapped individually and labelled for quick identification. The kit is supplied complete with an invoice in triplicate so that customs requirements when leaving Great Britain and crossing foreign frontiers are facilitated. The kits are supplied against invoice price and on return the cost of all parts not used is refunded to the owner.

It is certainly most gratifying to find our British manufacturers going out of their way in this direction to assist their customers to tour with the minimum of inconvenience. I have not seen the contents of one of these spare part kits but I have a shrewd idea that not only is it comprehensive but eminently suitable as many representatives of the company and those associated with it have toured extensively on the Continent and farther afield.

Mentioning overseas travel reminds me of Lord Nuffield, chairman of Morris Motors Limited. He has just returned from a long journey to many distant lands in the Empire and as a result of his observations he mentioned in his speech at the recent annual general meeting of the company that given a year of peace he has every reason to anticipate that the already huge export business connected with Morris cars will again show a substantial increase.

Incidentally, the net profit of the company for the past year totalled £1,357,220, a very satisfactory result during a year when the international horizon was definitely misty.

A car or motor-cycle being towed on a public highway, and in such a condition that it could not be used under its own power, need not be licensed. Such was the decision in an appeal before the Derbyshire quarter sessions, brought by the R.A.C. on behalf of a motor-cyclist associate member. The facts of the case were briefly as follows: The motor-cyclist member, at the time of the alleged offence (that of using a motor-cycle on the road without having a Road Fund licence in force), was being towed behind a car and was on his way to compete in a motor-cycle competition on private ground. The machine he proposed to use was a borrowed one and was unlicensed, and the member had no immediate intention of using it on a public highway. He made an arrangement with a friend that the latter should tow the machine to the place of the competition behind his car. The primary chain of the motor-cycle was disconnected, the silencer removed and the petrol tank drained of fuel.

After the competition, the motor-cyclist was again being towed home behind the car when he was stopped by a police constable and his attention was drawn to the fact that the motor-cycle was not carrying a Road Fund licence. The member was subsequently summoned and, after a lengthy hearing before the magistrates at which he was represented by solicitors instructed by the R.A.C., the bench decided to convict and a fine of £1 was imposed. As, however, a very important point of principle was involved, the R.A.C. decided to appeal on the member's behalf to the quarter sessions. At the hearing, after argument by counsel on both sides, the result was as stated, the appeal being allowed with costs against the police.

THE ART OF THE GLASS-BLOWER: Making an Esso Ethyl petrol pump globe from a 24-lb. mass of molten glass. No mechanical method has yet been devised to equal the technique of the glass-blower, who can produce one of these massive globes in three minutes

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Every post brings fresh applications for admission of children into these Homes. Only the other week a widow with five children to support aged 9, 6, 3, 2, and six months, appealed for the admission of her two eldest children. At the time the father died, the children were well set up with clothes and shoes, but now more are needed, and it is impossible out of the meagre income of £2 from the Public Assistance to buy any, for when rent, light and fuel are paid, there is insufficient left for food alone. The furniture, being purchased on the hire system was taken back through arrears, then the rent got behind. "Billie" aged 9 and "Pauline" aged 6, are now under the Society's care, and their mother's burden is lightened. There are many other Billies and Paulines in an equally sad plight. Will you send a gift that funds are sufficient to admit these other children needing protection? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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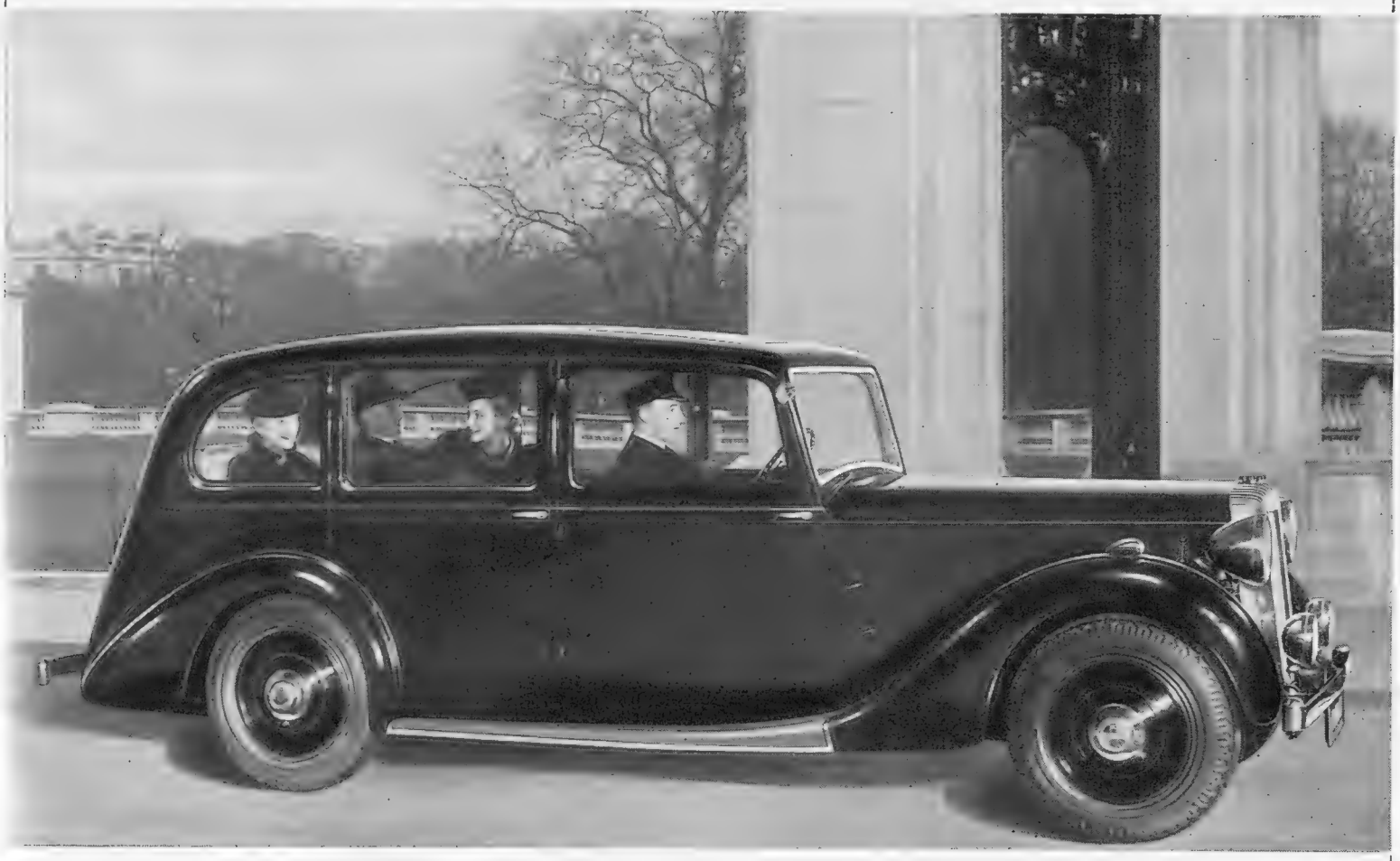

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THE FRENCH HERITAGE OF BEAUTY: Old timber houses in the Norman town of Lisieux, scene of modern pilgrimages, and (*on right*) the little village of Avanne in the lovely valley of the Doubs, below Besancon

THAT OTHER FRANCE

Where the Spas Point the Way to the Inland Beauty Spots

TO many summer tourists France means little more than a free-and-easy holiday at one of the resorts along the Channel coast, perhaps basking in the Mediterranean sun, or Paris; all very pleasant, but not absolutely France. Its inland towns and resorts have a great appeal to the traveller, offering variety in scenery and customs, to say nothing of such good things in life as wine and food.

If this is the France you would like to see, I suggest the spas of the country are very good clues to the best districts, for they are invariably set in beautiful scenery. Perhaps it is necessary right away to emphasise the fact that spas are not places haunted by the halt and maimed. After all, a lot of people travel to recuperate by change of environment and interest, so why not add to these the benefits of nature's health-giving waters? You may not need what is known as a "cure," but the system will benefit from a modest indulgence.

It is probably not realised that there are throughout France some 1,300 springs and 120 spas, while more than 700 doctors devote themselves to the study and practice of thermal treatment. The duration of a cure is generally 21 days, although at some spas 25 days may be necessary. The authorities have always regarded amusement as one of the elements contributing to the success of a cure by creating around the patient an atmosphere favourable to recovery. Consequently there is hardly a spa where there is no casino, or where festivals do not occur in rapid succession. Moreover, all of them are so arranged that all sports can be indulged in, while the larger ones have golf- and race-courses.

While there are a few spas in the north near the Belgian frontier and Bagnoles-de-l'Orne on the edge of the Normandy forest, the main groups are in the valleys of the Pyrenees, in the heart of the picturesque Central plateau, on the threshold of the Alps and at the foot of the Vosges mountains.

Let us go across toward the eastern frontier first. There are two close together, Contrexéville and Vittel. The former is a remarkably well administered place in a beautiful flower-bedecked park in the Faucille mountains. People who have lived in tropical climates tell me that they find this spa particularly suitable. The spa buildings are a striking Græco-Roman architectural ensemble.

There are many easy excursions in the neighbourhood, Domrémy among them. There you see the house of Joan of Arc, the church where she used to pray, and you can climb to the Basilica of the Bois-Chenu erected near one of the places where the maid heard the voices while tending her sheep. There is a fine panorama of the valleys of the Meuse and the Vair from this point.

Vittel is in one of the small valleys of the Lorraine plateau. The fresh green of its meadows and woods, the pleasing slopes of the hills, and the far horizon of the Vosges mountains give the impression of a truly countryside spa. Vittel was one of the first watering-places to open a special children's park, where, in addition to games, special exercise treatment is organised.

On the southern slopes of the Faucilles is Bains-les-Bains with a large park extending into picturesque forests. Moving farther south a call at one of the outstanding French spas, Evian, is imperative. It is beautifully situated on rising ground on the shore of Lake Leman. From the quay, which forms a shady promenade nearly a mile long, Evian rises in a series of terraces to an extensive wooded plateau. It has a fine modern casino by the side of the lake with gardens leading to the water's edge, and the social life is a marked feature of the place. Evian is a very important tourist centre, for it is the starting point of the famous Route des Alpes, and there are numerous motor coach services to Chamonix, and lake steamers serve Geneva and the Swiss side of the lake.

The
SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

We might go part of the way along the Route des Alpes, and then break off to have a look at Aix-en-Provence, which is less than 20 miles out of Marseilles. This typical Provençal district naturally offers distinctive features and it is the nearest spa to the Côte d'Azur. While in the south we might continue along the coast to the Gulf of Lyons to that prolific spa district, the Pyrenees, where there are nearly a score of notable centres, among them Ax-les-Thermes, at an altitude of over 2,000 ft. and at the junction of three mid-Pyrenean valleys whose streams surround the towns. Moving across towards the Biscay coast, Luchon, in the valley, which was renowned in Roman times, commands notice. The snowy summits of the mountains can be seen from the spa which at the same time enjoys the shelter of the surrounding forest-clad slopes.

Although it ranks as a Pyrenean spa, Dax, in the Landes country, is well clear of the mountains, and lies on both banks of the Adour some way up the river from Bayonne.

A line drawn through the map of France from Luchon to Vittel passes over the Central plateau in the old French province of Auvergne. From the summit of the Puy-de-Dôme, one of the giants of the Auvergne mountains, there is a remarkable panorama of the long extinct volcanoes with their scooped out craters. Deep valleys, waterfalls, forests, and wooded summits make the district one of the finest tourist centres in France, and it does not need the extra sense of the water diviner to pick it out as one in which mineral springs are prolific. In the heart of those mountains, grouped within a radius of a few miles, are a number of famous spas. To the south of the Puy-de-Dôme are Le Mont Dore, in a beautiful valley among beech and pine woods at the source of the Dordogne, the surrounding heights including the loftiest of the Central plateau, the Sancy Peak, which exceeds 6,000 ft. A little way down the river is La Bourboule, which makes a feature of its facilities for young people.

At the foot of the Puy-de-Dôme is Royat, only a couple of miles out of Clermont-Ferrand, with an ancient fortified church dedicated to St. Leger. Ten or twelve miles beyond Clermont-Ferrand is Chapel-Guyon, with thirty springs giving over a million gallons a day.

Making for the valley of the Allier, near where it enters Bourbonnaise, we soon arrive at Vichy, famed throughout the world, not only for its waters but for the splendour of its season. It has a large number of springs, hot and cold, yielding not far short of two million gallons a day. Practically all of them and the spa establishments are owned by the State and managed by a special company. Beautiful parks are one of the joys of Vichy, and those of the Allier extend nearly four miles along the river. Sport is a big feature of life at the spa, and the Grand Prix is one of the notable events of the racing world. This year it takes place on August 6. The Vichy season officially is from April to October, but the cure may be taken throughout the year.

At most of the spas I have mentioned the season has just begun, and goes on until late September or early October. Dax and Aix-en-Provence, however, have all-the-year "seasons," and so has Enghien-les-Bains, which is only 7 or 8 miles from Paris; indeed, it might almost be considered part of the capital, for it can be reached in 10 mins. It is on the banks of an extensive lake, and is a very popular place with Parisians.

The Normandy spa, Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, is only 50 miles from the English Channel. It is a quiet place with a high standard, and is surrounded by forest in the hilliest part of western Europe. There are plenty of facilities for looking round this part of France; old Lisieux, the scene of modern pilgrimages, Mont St. Michel, and elegant Deauville, which brings us back very near home again—just a 55-mins. flight. I shall be saying more about Deauville in the near future, but in the meantime you might bear it in mind for a break at Whitsuntide when most of the leading hotels will be open and there will be plenty of life in the neighbourhood of *la Plage Fleurie*.

Beverley Brooke

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NEW LIFE FOR THE COASTGUARD SERVICE:

After Fifteen Years the Modified Force Must Be Deemed Inadequate For Present Needs

Ever since the abolition of the old naval coastguard force in 1924, with its burly bluejackets and spotless stations, and the handing over of some of its duties to a new and not nearly so picturesque body under the Board of Trade, there have been periodical pleas for a revival of the old force and recently these have increased in strength, so that there is at least a possibility of their having sufficient influence to obtain these demands from the Government. The present coastguard has its functions very strictly limited to watching the coast for ships in distress, manning the rescue apparatus (apart from the lifeboats), and transmitting orders or receiving reports from merchant ships. The personnel of this force is mostly made up of ex-naval men, but that is their only connection with the Navy. They are not the first reserve of the Fleet like the old Admiralty coastguard, nor can they take any action against smuggling. Only the name "coastguard" has been retained.

SINCE the change, yachtsmen, fishermen, bargemen and others have complained bitterly of a great increase in thefts of gear and property from their boats, especially when they have been left in creeks or lonely anchorages, and latterly there have been a very large number of small yachts taken away bodily. The sufferers point out that in the old days of the coastguard these thefts were much less frequent, and when they did occur the shrewd local knowledge of the "gobbies" generally resulted in the stolen gear being recovered. All matters of theft, however, are the concern of the police and have nothing to do with the coastguard's real duties.

Periodically since 1924 there have been scares of a large-scale revival of smuggling, some of them fanciful but others sufficiently well founded to cause serious concern, not only on account of their effect on the revenue but also on the business of honest merchants who pay their customs dues, and on employment. That, however, is a matter for the Board of Customs, who agreed to take over their own responsibilities from the Admiralty.

Very great and reasonable concern has been caused by the recent flood of illegal entries of aliens into the country, some of them through the ports but the vast majority over the open coastline where there are bound to be long stretches without any official watch now that the coastguard stations are closed down. A very large proportion of these illegal entries are criminals who dare not face the officials of the organisations established for the handling of genuine refugees.

The first point to be noticed is, therefore, that it is proposed to saddle the Admiralty with the affairs of numerous other departments, which was the factor that wrecked the old force. Its history is an interesting, and in many ways an amusing one. Towards the end of the Napoleonic wars the Press Gang was failing lamentably in its purpose of obtaining trained seamen for the British Navy. Instead of the professional seaman who had been its perfectly legitimate prey since Norman days and before—the sailor has always been liable to conscription and always will be—the gang was bringing in all the shiftless ne'er-do-wells of the streets, shop assistants, cripples, criminals and every type of man except the professional seaman, who had perfected an organisation for keeping out of the way of the gang while he was ashore.

The result was that, in spite of the sea time which the ships had for training, the quality of the pressed section of the crews—not by any means all of them, as many people imagine—was deteriorating and had the battle of Trafalgar been fought in 1814 instead of 1805 the result might not have been such a sweeping victory. This naturally caused great concern among thinking men in the Navy and all sorts of plans were formulated and discussed which would give the Admiralty a firm hold on at least a number of contented and trained petty officers and seamen who, when their ship was paid off, were normally turned out into the streets with no better provision than a licence to beg without being arrested as vagrants, and to find profitable employment for the commissioned officers who had to be kept on half-pay until they died.

Many ingenious schemes were thought out to overcome the difficulty and some of them were adopted.

Vested influence and political considerations prevented the thorough reformation that was necessary, and when the Admiralty offered to maintain a number of well-trained and disciplined men as the coast blockade, which afterwards grew into the coastguard, at the expense of the Customs Department their offer was eagerly accepted and although the coastguard force was far from perfect, there is no doubt that it did help very materially in the abolition of smuggling.

The great point was that the Admiralty took over the work for its own purpose of maintaining a first-class naval reserve and that it did it at another guileless department's expense. When the Crimean War broke out, and the Fleet was just as short of men as it had been in Napoleonic days, the coastguards were called up *en masse* for active service and the customs found themselves without their men at a time when they were needed most. Naturally they strongly objected to this when they had been paying for the maintenance of the force for so many years, so after the war there was a change and the Admiralty took over the whole cost of the coastguards whose services were lent to the customs for preventive purposes.

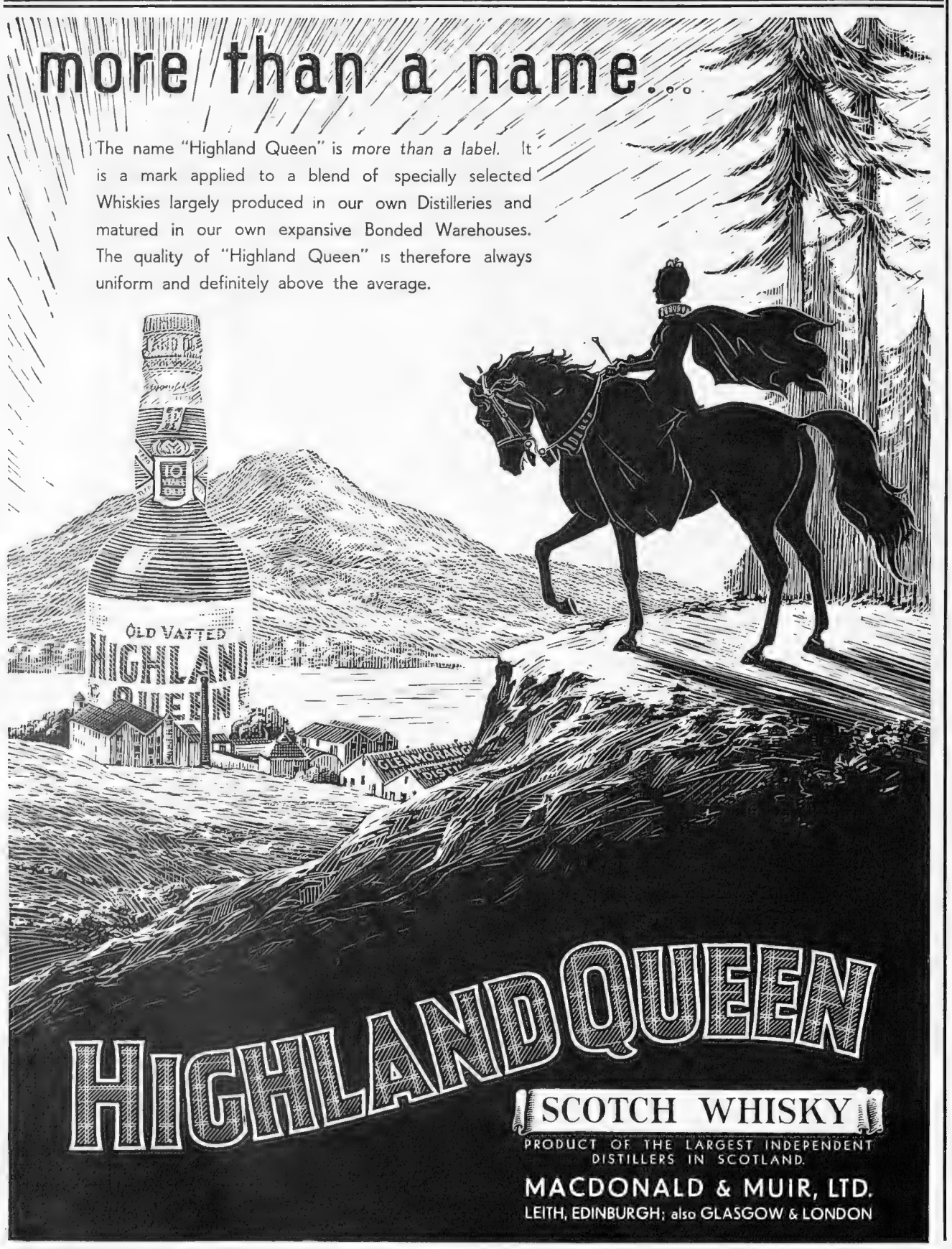
Other duties were quietly and almost imperceptibly put on to their shoulders—the registration of the movements of shipping, the duties of the receivers of wreck, the warning of shipping in danger and the manning of the rocket apparatus, the enforcement of the Wild Birds Protection Act and any number of others. While money was easily obtained by the Navy, this was a satisfactory arrangement, but when money got very tight the Admiralty suggested that the customs, at least, should pay for the force once again and the customs did not agree.

So in 1924, after numerous committees and endless discussions, the old naval force was abolished. The customs had to maintain their own preventive staff, both in uniform and in plain clothes, and at important points of the coast stations or parts of stations were taken over, and some new ones built, for small bodies of the new Board of Trade coastguard.

This force attends strictly to its own business, the look-out for ships in distress and the saving of life with the rocket apparatus, and will have nothing to do with the innumerable jobs that were put on the shoulders of the old force.

Affairs are very different now from what they were in 1924 and it is obvious that a well-disciplined and continuous watch should be kept all round the coast for a variety of reasons—defensive, economical and humanitarian. The number of its men must be considerable, but by putting a stop to the overlapping of duties there can be a considerable economy. The great point is that, if such a force is founded, it must not be subject to the old inter-departmental jealousies but must be put under the control of a neutral department sufficiently powerful to maintain the balance of innumerable claims. The Treasury is the obvious choice, for it can allocate the cost to the various departments. Such a force would find numerous useful duties in peace time and in war it would be of immense defensive value.

Frank C. Bowen



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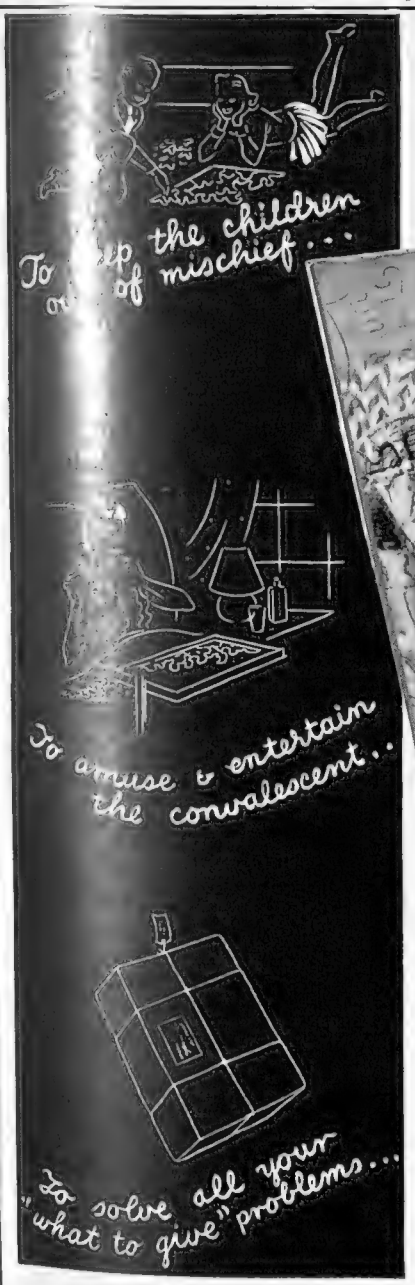

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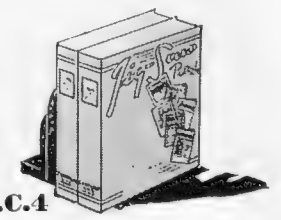

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In Quest of Good Fare in the Chiltern From Mine Host at the

IT was one of those early May mornings when the clerk of the weather kept one guessing. Heads for rain, tails for the sun breaking out to perfect an English spring day. Tails won, and later proved correct.

I headed my car for the best exit from London—Western Avenue. The green lights were indulgent. They blinked me on to that double carriage way which leads out to the Chilterns. There was the smell of new-mown grass and in exactly one hour I had reached High Wycombe, 30 miles from London. It was far too early for lunch at the Red Lion, which describes itself as the premier hotel of Bucks. But what a menu awaited those who followed in my wake one hour later. Such choice and such variety at 3s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. that here most certainly I shall time my next visit.

Where was I bound for? I hardly knew myself, though I had certain objectives in mind, so I was not surprised to find myself breasting Marlow Hill, driving through Marlow itself and heading for Henley.

Past memories were directing me. A mile or so beyond Medmenham I turned right to my unspoiled village lying at the foot of the Chiltern slopes, Hambleden. Here at the Stag and Huntsman I found the character of the village inn still intact. One of the regulars, "Harry," quaffed a pint of mild in double quick time, whilst the gentleman from London lingered over a half-pint of the best conditioned beer he had had for many a long day, drawn straight from the coolness of the cellar. Mine host and his wife are still there to preside over bar, bedrooms, and a bountiful kitchen. Here in the spotless bathroom you can sing poems of praise for such a blessed spot where simplicity is blended so happily with sumptuous English fare.

I was sorely tempted to lunch at the Stag and Huntsman, but I had already promised myself pastures new, and four miles on at the Chequers at Fingest I descended out of the blue (car) to see if I could catch Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Ward napping in mid-week. And that shows how little I knew about the Wards previously! Hot boiled beef with all the etceteras, or cold chicken, tongue and salad. I plumped for the latter and a right plump bird it was, with the tongue and the fresh crisp salad worthy partners. After the sweet there was no space for the cheddar cheese, a speciality, so a cup of real black coffee added the finishing touch.

The Chequers is one of the smallest inns in the country. There is the tap room, the bar parlour, the kitchen, and the dining room, which you go through the kitchen to reach. Not that that worries the Wards. There are no staff defects to hide because they, plus a friend who presides over the bar, and two locals, *are* the staff. And so when Monday morning comes after a very

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Country — What to Expect Chequers—News from Scotland

peaceful and pleasant week-end, a good send-off is not marred by tipping, for there is no one to tip unless you choose to leave a thanksgiving offering to the cook.

But there are only three available bedrooms, so don't think of Chequers in terms of week-ends. Go there in mid-week as I did, lunch memorably in the dining-room — once the old stables—stretch your legs after in the lovely garden, and if you do have a nap on Turville Heath afterwards, you can put it down to the air of the Chilterns and not to the port which I nearly forgot to record!

What else have I forgotten about Chequers? Yes, Chequers is in the parish of Hambleden, though Fingest Church is the other side of the road. The postal address is Fingest, Henley-on-Thames, and the station is High Wycombe. Now find it.

Here is some more news from Scotland, and this week it is good news, for all who have stayed in either of those two pleasant hotels, the Castle at Glendevon or the Marine at Gullane, will be interested to know that they have recently come under the same direction. It is a particularly fitting union, for neither of them is big; they are both exceptionally well equipped and comfortable hotels, which take character from the shrewdness of their direction.

The Castle at Glendevon is really a snip for those who like to stay in the Gleneagles countryside but cannot afford Gleneagles prices! It stands in 7½ acres of grounds and offers free loch and river fishing, to say nothing of 15,000 acres of shooting. Gleneagles golf course is only a few minutes in the car. When you add to all this its useful position within 40 miles of Glasgow, you will agree that this is most certainly a place to remember.

How many people even yet, I wonder, have heard of Gullane? A great many, I know, have been introduced to it by these articles, but for those who have not yet made its acquaintance, Gullane means golf, and that is saying something in Scotland. There are five golf courses more or less on the doorstep of the Marine Hotel, and there are five more within a radius of 6 miles. There is perhaps no place in Britain so well served, and in addition to golf there await you sands, a sunny sea, coast line and a first-class hotel with invariably pleasant company, and one of the lowest rainfalls even on the east coast. By next year I hope that there will be nobody who has not discovered Gullane.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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(Continued on next page)

LONDON'S COLONY OF BOAT-DWELLERS

A Threat and a Respite for the Water Gypsies

In the following article Horace Newte describes the life in Cubitt's Basin, that rendezvous of yachting folk on the Thames at Chiswick, where quite a number of people live afloat all the year round. It was recently announced that notice to quit had been served following the expiry of the lease of the basin, but there are now hopes of a respite for London's water gypsies and at any rate for some months they will continue undisturbed.

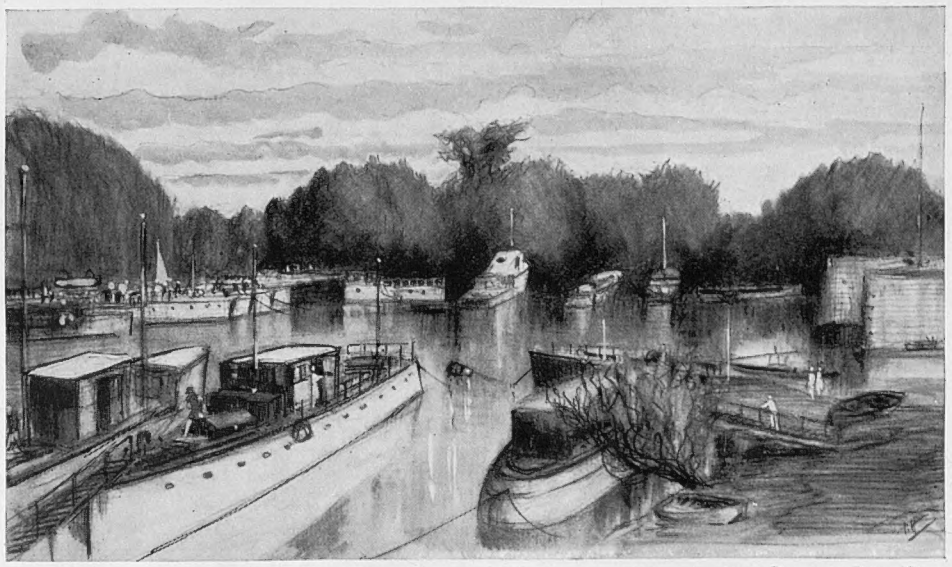
ALTHOUGH I have known the neighbourhood of Cubitt's Basin for many long years, I have hitherto been ignorant of its existence. Directly I learned of and set out to find it, people living quite near did not know where it was.

I ultimately found this remarkable place which is less than a mile from Chiswick station. This station is served by a bus from Turnham Green. After passing a sports ground, you arrive at a length of rusty corrugated iron fencing. Passing through the entrance, it was as though a magician had transported me from outer suburbia on its best behaviour to the inner harbour of an old-world port, frequented by W. W. Jacobs characters.

This basin of no definable shape contains the oddest jumble of craft. It suggested the collection of a man who made it his hobby to pick up old hulks. These are mostly converted into houseboats, shabby and smart, and of all builds and tonnage. With the freemasonry, however, of the river and sea, they seemed to be sociable, without class distinctions.

Conspicuous among them was a Thames passenger steamer, high and dry on an island, awaiting repair. She looked so forlorn as to suggest she was pining for trippers and crew. A derelict hulk, exposing her ribs, rested pitifully on a mud-bank, resigned to neglect and decay. And two or three sea-going craft looked bored at being permanently anchored.

A barge with furled sails struck a note of colour and enviable activity among the hulks mostly anchored for always. But what fascinated me in awakening memories was the sight of two houseboats—one down at heel, the other spick and span and, like most women, saucy with paint.



Drawn by Percy Home

CUBITT'S YACHT BASIN has been famous for years among yachting folk as a pleasant rendezvous and there the visitor may see all sorts and conditions of small craft in varying states of repair. Many people live on board their boats and a short while ago they had a distinct shock when they received notice to quit. It is possible, however, that the yacht colony will be respited

For these houseboats recalled the days of my youth when gorgeous craft lined a bank of the river on many upper reaches, and were sometimes laboriously towed here and there for regattas. Some of these houseboats were famous. Their proud owners entertained lavishly.

Their decks were aflame with rows of potted geraniums. Upper decks were protected from the sun—when it shone—by gaily-striped awnings. At night these houseboats were illuminated with numerous Chinese lanterns, suggesting a floating fairy palace. Imagination ran riot in the evolutions of new decorations. And I cannot forget the Victorian ladies who more or less posed in deck chairs. With their opulent figures and adorably unpowdered noses, they suggested over-fed nymphs who had risen from the river before being adequately clad.

Since bungalows and wireless and gramophones, however, destroyed the infinite peace of the river, the houseboats became tenantless, and but for a few survivals, went to the shipbreakers. Also, the high charges for upkeep had something to do with their disappearance.

The jumble of craft in the basin is surrounded by trees and a tangle of undergrowth, probably a survival from the days when Chiswick was sheer country. Yet on an exquisite November afternoon, this undergrowth is starred with Michaelmas daisies.

And moorhen scudded across the water uttering their sharp cries. Their style, however, was cramped by the presence of three towering swans which made them look homely. As though to make the moorhen feel at home, the surface of the basin was studded with duckweed while tall reeds sentinelled their nests.

Cubitt's Basin is abruptly cut off from the busy river by dock gates that are opened fortnightly. Looking at the river from this gate, the basin suggests a haven of rest for tired craft. A man who lives on one of these converted hulks told me that a colony of boat-loving folk live all the year round on these craft, some of its members with wives and families. Indeed, one or two young women were peeling potatoes on deck. Most of these men, including those living in caravans on a pitch near the basin, drive daily to town in cars. And on returning, they, too, are suddenly transported from outer suburbia with its rigid conventions to this replica of an old-world port's inner harbour.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU—*continued from previous page.*

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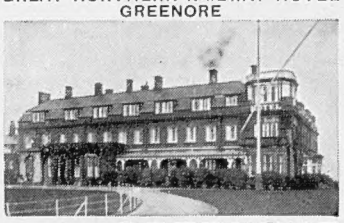

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath (Near).—Limpley Stoke Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bath.—Grand Pump Room Hotel. Bath 3266.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon.)—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Corn.)—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bridport.—Battlecombe Guest House Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Brighton 4171.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Clacton-on-Sea.—Grosvenor Court.
Cornwall.—Whitesand Bay Hotel.
Crassington.—The Devonshire Hotel. Tel. 25
Cromer.—Overstrand Hotel. Overstrand 229.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel.
Dover.—St. Margaret's Bay Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Frinton.—Grand Hotel.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—The Grand Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel,
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Midhurst.—Spread Eagle Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20,
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (N. Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washford (Somerset).—Dragon House. Tel. 215.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 812
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stanhope Court Hotel, S. Kensington, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Callander.—Dreadnought Hotel.
Callander.—Palace Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hydro.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Gairloch (Ross-shire).—The Gairloch Hotel.
Gauntown-on-Spey.—Grant Arms Hotel.
Glen o' Dee (Banchory).—Royal Deeside Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Inverness.—Station Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Alexandra Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perthshire.—Amulree Hotel, Sma' Glen.
Perthshire.—Castle Hotel, Glendevon.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
Rothesay.—Glenburn Hotel.
Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tobermory.—Western Isles Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Troon.—Marine Hotel.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Conway.—Oakwood Park Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
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